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IS SPIRITUAL SCIENCE POSSIBLE?

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FOUR hundred years ago it would have been almost impossible to ask European thought this question; yet, had our inquiry been made, but one answer would have been elicited, — an unqualified affirmative. In the thought of Europe to-day the question has not only been asked, but, in some directions, it is considered that the final answer has already been given, — a negative as unqualified as would have been the mediæval affirmative. The great movement in which the intellectual attitude of the present has become, in large part, opposite that of the past is one of the most important events in human history. The discovery of the truth or error of the denial of our question is one of the most prominent objects demanding critical investigation.

It is the purpose of this essay to try to show that the denial of our question is erroneous. That I may do this, it shall be my endeavor only to indicate some facts which are an insurmountable obstacle to the logic by which spiritual

science is declared to be an impossibility. Previous to this, however, it may aid to a better understanding of the position of the essay to make a brief review of the history of the general movement to which I have alluded, so far as it has resulted in a negative answer to our inquiry.

Towards the close of the middle ages, the Roman Church held the thought of Europe in abject bondage. The word of the church was the ultimate law. The work of thought was simply to conform reason to ecclesiastical dogma. Probably there was never so complete a servitude of mind as in scholastic Europe. But, in the presence of this bondage, some fugitive Greeks, in Italy, gave an impulse to the study of the original writings of the ancients. The lately invented printing press was made to propagate the results of their work, and Europe began to be inspired with a new life. "Gradually a band of men, classically educated, opposed itself to the stereotyped, uncritical, and tasteless manner in which the sciences had been cultivated; new ideas came into circulation; and the free, universal, thinking spirit of antiquity was born afresh."

With this event, known as the Revival of Letters, the middle ages closed, and the modern enlightenment opened. Thought became conscious of its degradation. It rose against the assumptions of the church. It rebelled against scholasticism, and claimed the right to put itself above dogma. It turned away from its dreams to the world of realities, and, what was of the chief importance, began to give an honor to nature and experience, as free and enthusiastic as its association with Rome's arbitrary intellectualisms had been servile and dull.

At length, as the conception of nature was enlarged by the discovery of the American continent and the way by sea to the East Indies, and as it was magnified still more by Galileo's declaration of the revolution of the earth on its axis, by Kepler's discovery of the laws of planetary motion, and by the Copernican theory of the universe, the assertion of thought to the right of self-possession, and its direction to the facts of the external world and experience, were embod-

ied, and found expression, in two great minds, the English Lord Bacon and the French Descartes. From Bacon and Descartes proceeded, in clearly marked directions, the development of the liberated thought. It is sufficient for the present purpose to say of these directions, that, while both Bacon and Descartes were actuated by the one spirit which had set Europe free, while they both threw off the incubus of the irrational *dictum* of the founder of scholasticism, "I believe that I may understand," and accepted, as their inspiration, the assertion of self-conscious, independent thought, "I will understand that I may believe," the one directed his work "to an observing and an experimenting investigation of nature," and the other aimed at discovering, in the human consciousness, the principles of fundamental knowledge. The result has been, that, under the influence of the Baconian method, the immense body of physical knowledge and experiment known as the natural sciences has matured, and, guided by the method of Descartes, the great body of metaphysical knowledge and speculation known specially as philosophy.

As it is not within the province of this essay to give any account of the development and influence of metaphysical science, I will only make this allusion to the different directions the freed thought took, under the guidance of the two master minds, and will now confine attention to the effects of the progress of the method of which Lord Bacon was the originator and guide.

In Lord Bacon was embodied, to a pre-eminent degree, what is called the "modern spirit." He gave expression to the longing which actuated the emancipated mind of Europe, even more fully than his worthy co-laborer. Perhaps thought never felt poverty so truly as at the close of the middle ages. Released from bondage, and aroused from the lethargy of servitude, it became conscious of a great debasement and immeasurable want. What it had been compelled to call science it discovered to be almost empty of knowledge. The degrading influence of ecclesiastical dogmatism had made its work almost barren of genuine gain. So that,

once freed from ecclesiasticism and scholastic dreams, it rapidly became hostile to both, and invested the neglected facts of nature and experience with an exalted honor. As Lord Bacon made nature and experience the sole spheres of knowledge, and as he compelled the mind to approach these lordly realms with the humility of the spirit of the little child, he gave the most satisfactory expression to the want of the liberated thought. Dr. Schweigler says, "Bacon directed anew the observation and reflection of his contemporaries to actual fact, proximately to nature; he raised experience, which hitherto had been only a matter of chance, into a separate and independent object of thought, and he awoke a general consciousness of its indispensable necessity. To have established the principles of empirical science, a thinking exploration of nature, this is his merit." It is to Lord Bacon, therefore, that we trace the beginning of the wonderful growth of the natural sciences during the past two hundred years, and it is to the influence of his method, sustained and increased by the necessities for physical discovery and invention which the opening up of the world, by international commerce and the settlement of America, have caused, that we must attribute their present dominant interest and importance. Meet a double demand, the want of the freed thought of Europe for real knowledge and the necessities of an extending civilization, the effects of the Baconian method have prominent place to-day in every department of European and American life.

But, while this fact is worthy of a cordial approval, in some respects, it is open to criticism. While every one must admit that the allegiance of thought to the method of Lord Bacon has given humanity a farther advance, and promoted a greater welfare in some directions than ever before, yet it is evident, to many who have studied the history of the past two centuries, that the Baconian induction has, so far, had a tendency to cause thought to neglect other directions where mankind can make a still farther advance and gain a still better welfare. Undoubtedly the animating idea of Lord Bacon, that it is the chief aim of thought to minister

to the physical well-being of man, was conceived in a noble spirit, and, certainly, it was a natural consequence of intellectual reaction against ecclesiastical usurpation, to which the Baconian method gave the best expression; but, undoubtedly, it is just as true that there is another well-being of man than the physical, and certainly this as well as the former must be served. The errors of the middle ages were not wholly unmixed errors; and the rebellion of thought against scholasticism was not against wholly unreal dogmas. Beneath the errors of the church there were eternal truths, and the dreams of scholastics were in large part of imperishable realities. The self-consciousness which observes nature and measures experience is as worthy and real an object of study as the nature which ministers to physical need and pleasure. And, because the emancipated thought sought the truths of the material world almost wholly, and because Lord Bacon did not give the inner consciousness the honor he bestowed upon the outer nature, the heroic effort of the popular mind and the noble impulse of its chief were at fault, and to these must be traced, not only two centuries of grand achievement in natural science and mechanical art, but, also, two centuries of an increasing struggle of the human soul against a tendency to merge the observing self in the nature it observes, or to deny to self any knowledge that should be other than merely phenomenal; in other words, the prevalence, in thought, of the Baconian method has resulted, not only in a magnificent array of the physical sciences and the useful arts, but also in the dogmatisms of materialism or an exclusive phenomenalism. Consider briefly some of the results at which thought, under the guidance of the Baconian method, has arrived.

The extreme culmination of this method, opposed, we know, to the thought of Lord Bacon personally, yet a legitimate outcome of the exclusive use of his induction, is materialism. How it was reached it is needless here to show at length. It will be sufficient, for the present purpose, to say that in one direction the work of the English philosopher was taken up by Locke, whose logic was accepted by Condillac, in France, and,

through him, carried forward until the French "Encyclopedie," and Baron d'Holbach's "System of Nature," were published, when the extreme word of a wholly natural philosophy was spoken, and a coarse materialism affronted thought. As expressed in France, at the close of the last century, it professed to have discovered that there is but one substance in existence, and that that substance is active matter. It asserted that nature alone is the field of research. It declared that man is simply a perishable mass of organization; that his "mind is but the development of his sensations," and that his highest life consists in serving self-interest, and ministering to self-gratification. It also declared that God is but "the diseased fiction of an unenlightened and enthusiastic age." In England, also, materialism has had bold advocates, and at present it is, perhaps, most fully expressed by some German thinkers, whose conclusions, while not so grossly antagonistic to spiritual truth as those of their French associates, are yet agreed with them in this, that the investigations of nature and experience discover the universe to be but the result of the activity of one material substance.

The more moderate and the more prevalent result of the method of Lord Bacon is what may be called an exclusive phenomenalism. I give this name to those intellectual movements which confine themselves to the examination of the phenomena in a professed endeavor to discover only their mutual relations and the laws by which such phenomena exist. Unlike materialism, exclusive phenomenalism does not assume to be a theory of the universe, nor does it actually deny the universe to be the work of a super-material Being. The claim it makes is, simply, that there can be no knowledge except of the changing surfaces of things; that phenomena do not discover to any extent the nature of the Reality which manifests them.

Among the prominent expressions of exclusive phenomenalism are the philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and a certain indefinite, unsystematized, philosophy (if it may be so named), especially represented by no one mind, but held by some religious thinkers who are students of the results of

the Baconian method. The philosophy of Mr. Spencer declares that phenomena reveal the existence of Power behind them, but that the nature of this Power is utterly inscrutable. The *quasi* philosophy of which I have spoken grants to the truths of physical science the certainty which is derived from experiment. It calls this "science." To the truths of religion it allows only the probability arising from an undemonstrable assurance. This it calls "faith." These philosophies, the one endorsed by most of the leading scientists of England and our own country, the other prevalent in some directions among theologians, are, from their intimate association with modern life, special objects for criticism.

I have now made a brief review of the history of that change in the attitude of thought which has placed it in large measure, to-day, opposite the position it occupied, as a whole, four hundred years ago, and have indicated some of the results of the development of the Baconian induction. In these results, as said before, the tendency has been to merge the observing self in the nature it observes, or to deny to self any knowledge except that which is merely phenomenal; in other words, the Baconian principles have thus far tended to push thought either into materialism or an exclusive phenomenalism.

As an evidence of how wide-spread these tendencies of the method of Lord Bacon are, I will call attention, by way of parenthesis, to the present popular estimate of the word "science," which literally, means "knowledge" of any kind, and which, technically, means, "knowledge systematized." This word, by general consent, seems to be given over to the realm of physical knowledge, as if no other knowledge were possible. The present literature almost invariably refers to physical science without the qualifying adjective. The question asked at the opening of this essay is thus denied by a popular suffrage which elects physical knowledge as the only "science." Mr. James Martineau makes these comments on the writings of Mr. Baden Powell, who, as much as any, may be regarded as a representative of the latter of the expressions of exclusive phenomenalism to which I referred;

"Mr. Powell intended, we are sure, to be not less loyal to his Christian Theism than he was to his Inductive philosophy. When, however, after volumes of proof that the universe discloses nothing but immutable law and material development, so orderly, indeed, as to bespeak Thought, but so inexorable as to be silent of Character, after treating the supernatural as intrinsically incognizable, and the moral and spiritual as entirely out of relation to the rational faculty, he briefly relegates us to "faith" for our grounds of religious conviction, we certainly feel that the door is rather rudely slammed in the face of an inquiry, and that we are turned out of the select society of the philosophers who know, to take our place among the plebs who believe."

But to show that there is no satisfactory reason for our exclusion from any knowledge except of material things, or that which is merely phenomenal, I propose now to indicate some facts which neither materialism, nor an exclusive phenomenalism, can explain. If the existence of such facts can be proven, then, for the ease of distinction, naming them by the old word "spiritual," as a practical antithesis of "physical," the denial of the question of this essay is itself denied, and spiritual science is possible.

Preparatory to a consideration of this part of the subject, let the reader endeavor, as far as possible, to free his mind from the prejudices which the present importance of the physical sciences may have aroused in it. Let him remember that the present dominant influence of the study of nature is the result, first, of the reaction of thought from its bondage in the middle ages, and, second, of the necessity pressing upon it to satisfy the physical needs of mankind produced by the opening up of the world. Let no one forget, that, though four hundred years ago thought was confined to the inner consciousness, its work was almost useless, simply because it had no freedom of action, and because the outer nature, by which to aid in verifying or correcting its conclusions, was ignored. Let the wonderful material progress of the past two centuries be estimated at its full measure; let it be remembered that the skies and the earth have been yielding

man great knowledge and wealth; that two material agents alone, steam and electricity, have been making him physically more prosperous than almost all his previous possessions; that under the growth of the natural sciences the world is becoming a new earth; that the future promises even a more wonderful natural ministry to human prosperity than the past,—but let it be also remembered, that the marvelous revelations of nature have tended to fascinate thought; that the unvarying confirmations of the perfect movements of physical law, the increasing discoveries of the relativity of knowledge, the contemplation of the treasures revealed by the telescope, microscope, retort, scalpel, and like instruments, have so absorbed thought that oftentimes man has seemed to be utterly forgetful that he is the observing consciousness of an unconscious world. So, taking the independent position characteristic of the modern spirit, and free as possible from the bias which the results of the Baconian induction has made in almost every department of the life of to-day, let the reader give the question of this essay his consideration.

The first position we will take is one to which I have already alluded, the old one which has always been asserted by the logic of common sense; namely, that every human being is conscious of two facts: first, that himself exists, and, second, that he is surrounded by something which is not himself. It cannot be disputed, that, as soon as we know anything, we not only know that there is a great world about us, but we know also that we are existences other than the surrounding world. Our first knowledge is always the *double* knowledge of self and not-self, of two unquestionable realities. This being true, it cannot be disputed that both these facts claim attention. Perpetually in the presence of our experience of the outer nature the inner consciousness appears, so that neither can be justly studied to the exclusion of the other. It becomes necessary, then, to discover what truth is presented by both consciousness and experience. Between self and the external world are the senses. Between the consciousness of self and self there is no barrier.

We know that we exist simply because we know it. Our knowledge of the nature of self is limited, but its limitations are the effects of the experience of the external world upon us, and our ability to separate between the facts of experience and the truths of consciousness. Self-knowledge, when gained, is thus a more certain knowledge than knowledge of not-self. It is an immediate knowledge, while knowledge of the outer world comes through the media of the senses.

When, therefore, we study ourselves for knowledge of ourselves, and observe that we constantly perform the act called *thinking*, we know that we think simply because we think. We are conscious that self is a thinking being. This fact, first, I offer as an insurmountable obstacle in the way both of the materialist and what I have termed the exclusive phenomenalist.

Certainly materialism, as expressed in France and as it is now understood, claims that there is but one substance in the universe, and that that substance is active matter. If this were true, thinking then would be either an effect or a form of material energy, and one of two alternatives would have to be accepted,—either that thought is produced by that which does no thinking, or material energy must in essence be all that thought is. But, as it is a truism that out of an absolute non-existence an absolute some-existence cannot come, so out of only active matter, according to every accepted definition of matter, *purposing* intelligence could not arise. If, on the other hand, thought be potential in matter, matter is no more matter, and materialism has committed logical self-destruction. Materialism to make its claim valid must prove that matter, possessing only *purposeless* force, has produced the universe as it is, with its manifold forms of life, vegetable and animal and human, with human society, state, and church. A complete materialism, however, has never been able to establish itself for any length of time. Its worst foes are those of its own household. Its own logic is the most deadly weapon raised against it.

The presence of thought in man is also an insurmountable obstacle to an exclusive phenomenism. If self thinks self

does not *appear* to think it thinks, self is, therefore, *at least* a thinking being. We know directly, we are conscious that this fact is true of ourselves. Thought may not indicate all that we are, but, as far as it indicates anything, it reveals the nature of the reality we call self. This truth rests upon an unquestionable basis. As thinking realities, we are, in essence, immaterial beings. If this declaration is confronted with evidence of the intimate relations of brain and thought, if it be shown that race, climate, food, and the like, produce varying physical organisms and mental individualities, yet, when the whole exhibit is made, the immaterial thought within these peculiarities remains as the evidence of the immaterial self.

But, not attempting to give the truth of man's immaterial nature a more extended proof here, observe a farther manifestation self makes to consciousness, as evidenced in our own persons, and as testified to in man's history. It is the *conviction* that over self and all else there is Supreme Existence. It does not suffice to say, in explanation of this conviction, that it is an inference from consciousness of the existence of self and knowledge of the external world. Unless it be native in consciousness, no finite existence or limited education can place it there. It is the conviction of the Infinite and the Absolute,—a conviction which, from its quality, it would be impossible by any amount of finite proof to produce. It is simply present in consciousness, and compels recognition. This fact is another insurmountable obstacle in the way both of materialism and an exclusive phenomenalism.

Materialism cannot account for it, for it emphasizes the infinite superiority of this Existence to self. And, as we know that self as a thinking being is necessarily an immaterial being, it follows invariably that what supremely transcends self must also be *at least* an Immaterial Being. Nor can an exclusive phenomenalism confront this conviction better than materialism. It is true that Mr. Herbert Spencer,*

* First Principles, p. 98. I refer the reader to Mr. Spencer's chapter on the Relativity of Knowledge, First Principles, p. 87, for his argument in full concerning the positive consciousness of the absolute.

whom I have selected as the most prominent representative of an exclusively phenomenal philosophy, says, "Its positive existence [that of the Absolute] is a necessary datum of consciousness; so long as consciousness continues, we cannot for an instant rid it of this datum; and thus the belief which this datum constitutes has a higher warrant than any other whatever." In saying this, however, Mr. Spencer does not occupy his position as an exclusive phenomenalist. The Absolute can be no phenomenon. It is *the Reality*. Mr. Spencer so names it; and it does not matter whether we know it in what he calls "the strict sense of knowing, or not." We are conscious of it, and consciousness, he admits, is our source of greatest certainty.

But, what specially concerns us, is the question, "Whether any knowledge of the nature of this Reality is possible?" This question introduces Mr. Spencer as the representative of an exclusive phenomenalism. As an *a priori* thinker, he posits the Reality of the universe as the most certain of existences; but as an *a posteriori* thinker, he asserts that this "Reality is *utterly inscrutable* in nature."

This, then, is the answer one of the most prominent and most highly cultured English philosophers of the present day makes to our most momentous inquiry. What wonder, then, that we feel a sense of loneliness and desolation as, out of respect to the writer, we at first contemplate the probability of his reply! For, if the Reality of which we are by nature conscious, and which Mr. Spencer so nobly asserts, be *utterly inscrutable*, we cannot know, even in the least part, the truths the deepest human longings have from time unrecorded most wished to know. We move through a wholly phantasmal existence. The ultimate Reality becomes either an eternal deception in the phenomena it produces, or a captive imprisoned forever in its works. True, Mr. Huxley,* who is in accord with Mr. Spencer, speaks of "worship at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable," and Mr. Darwin,† also

* Lay Sermons, p. 16.

† Descent of Man, Vol. I., p. 68.

in sympathy with Mr. Spencer, defines religion as "love, complete submission to an exalted and mysterious superior, a strong sense of dependence, fear, reverence, gratitude, hope for the future," &c., — yet, how can we worship at the altar of an utter Unknown and Unknowable? and, if exclusive phenomenalism be true, how can we accept Mr. Darwin's definition of religion? As Mr. Mivart* says, it is "'love' for that of which we can by no possibility know anything whatever, and to which we may as reasonably attribute hideousness and all vileness as beauty and goodness! 'Dependence' on that of which treachery and mendacity may be as much characteristics as are faithfulness and truth! 'Reverence' for an entity, whose qualities, if any, may resemble as much all we despise as all we esteem, and which, for all we know, may be indebted to *our faculties* for any recognition of its existence at all! 'Gratitude' to that which we have not the faintest reason to suppose ever willingly did anything for us or ever will! 'Hope' in what we have no right whatever to believe may not, with equal justice, be a legitimate cause for despair as pitiless, inexorable, and unfeeling, if capable of any sort of intelligence whatever!

"This is no exaggeration. Every word here put down is *strictly accurate*; for, if that which underlies all things is to us the Unknowable, then there can be no reason to predicate of it any one character rather than its opposite."

But Mr. Spencer, even in his argument for the unknowableness of the Ultimate Reality, shows his special position to be untenable. That this Reality should be *utterly* inscrutable, no quality or attribute whatever should be predicated of it; yet when Mr. Spencer declares that "we cannot think at all about the impressions the external world makes upon us without thinking of them as caused," and in another place adds, "we are obliged to regard every phenomenon as a manifestation of some Power by which we are acted upon," he becomes inconsistent with his most prominent assertion, in then concluding that effects proceed from an Ultimate

* Contemporary Reviews, January, 1872, p. 187.

Cause, or that force in nature is an evidence of an Absolute Power behind nature. To be consistent, he has no right to qualify the Supreme Existence in any way. The fact of Supreme Existence is posited by the consciousness. The attribute of cause or power must be added to it from the study of phenomena. In this respect, at least, phenomena have been accepted by Mr. Spencer as an interpretation of the Noumenon, and, so far, at least, exclusive phenomenalism is self-denied. But, in utter opposition to this self-denial, in the face of his declaration that the Supreme Reality is the Ultimate, Omnipotent, and Omnipresent Cause, Mr. Spencer continually asserts that the Supreme Reality is *utterly inscrutable*. Now I insist that by the same process with which the professedly exclusive phenomenalist has confirmed the consciousness of the Supreme Existence, and qualified it as Omnipresent Power, we can learn *more and more* of the nature of this Existence.

As illustrations of my meaning; studying the phenomena crowding upon attention, there is nothing more clearly seen than that, so far as we know, countless *inorganic forms* exist subject to an exact order, changing conformably to invariable laws. These forms, which in part compose what has been called the material universe, and whose changes are directed by what are called the laws of matter, have made, through the modern necessities for physical discovery and mechanical invention, special claim to the work of thought. They are the source of the vast body of the classification and generalization of phenomena by which mind has felt justified in writing a history of nature's past, and prophesying its future. Geology, astronomy, chemistry, and the like, have discovered the mode of the formation of planets and stars, the laws of their motion, the qualities and relations of the material elements. They also tell us towards what the direction in nature is leading it. They say they have traced the stars from vapory nebulae, through flaming spirals, into incandescent suns and worlds. They show us how rocks, crystals, and earths came into being. They catalogue the elements that are aflame in the light of the stars, and describe, in the circling

of a storm on the earth, the paths of the winds and the places of special peril. Electricity, magnetism, gravitation, heat, and light have revealed the fact that they act in obedience to perfect order. But if, as Mr. Spencer says, "we are obliged to regard every phenomenon as the manifestation of some power," and if, as is self-evident, that which is manifested must proceed out of that which manifests, certainly a Power which manifests a perfect order must itself be, *at least*, orderly. In the material universe then, where we find perfect law and order, the Supreme Power must act by law and order. But law implies at least what we call thought, and, so we reason, a source of law must be *at least* what we call intelligent. How any one can insist that the Power of the universe is utterly inscrutable when all else he says is based upon the truth that this Power works in material forms by perfect law, is inexplicable, unless, dazzled by a favorite theory, he is blinded to the over-shining light.

Rising above the realm of inorganic forms into the world of *organisms*, the truth which appears to be so sufficiently proved, on a lower plane, that it might rest there, becomes still clearer. The organic world, which we discover rises by ascending degrees of excellence from the lowest vegetal organism to the most complete animal physiology, shows to a pre-eminent degree the possession of intelligence in the Supreme Power; and in this fact we discover even more than intelligence. The favorite doctrine of physical science, the theory of evolution, would not exist were it not animated by the truth that the process of organisms is a gradual development of life from the incomplete to the more complete, from the imperfect to the more perfect. The word which more than any other seems to inspire the study of physical phenomena is "progress;" and life, which Mr. Spencer defines as the "continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations," is, upon his own showing, constantly rising higher towards the attainment of a perfect equilibrium. As no one will question that the process of organisms is the work of the Supreme Reality, the work is certainly what in our vocabulary we call wise. The Absolute Reality, there-

fore, must *at least* possess what we call wisdom. The illustrations of this truth are numberless. All the discoveries of plant structure and growth, the sciences of the multitudinous forms of mollusk, fish, insect, bird, reptile, and mammal life, and the like, rise one above the other, a gloriously laid living temple, built by a Master Architect. Intelligence and wisdom are visible everywhere.

But it is not the purpose of this essay to more than indicate this truth. My object is only to show that the same process which discovers evidence of power in the Existence behind nature must, to be logically consistent, recognize other attributes of this Existence. By Mr. Spencer's own reasoning, we may claim to know already that there is over the universe a Supreme, Real, Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Intelligent, and Wise Cause.

But other than the outer nature are *ourselves*. We are facts as real as any of the external world. We are thinking beings, as much the work of the Supreme Power, and as worthy objects of our own study, as any part of the array of material forms and vital evolution surrounding us. We are conscious of the Supreme Existence. We have seen evidences in the physical creation that this Existence is what we would call an 'Intelligent and Wise Power.' Now, when we rise from the world of matter and inferior life into that of ourselves, we perceive only clearer evidences of the truths already discovered. History shows, that, from the lowest barbarisms, man has been striving after and continually approaching the enlightenment with which this century is crowning him. Degree by degree he has been raised from one plane of excellence to a higher. And since we, the glory of whose existence is intelligence and purpose, are as much the creatures of the Supreme Being as the crystal or plant, surely the Creator must at least be our peer.

But, what is of chief moment, there are evidences of more than even intelligence and wisdom in us. When we examine consciousness, we find a something we do not discover in the outer nature. We call it the moral sense. This is a fact which cannot with justice be set aside. It is an unavoidable

phenomenon which self manifests in consciousness even more certain than the sensations which reach us from the external world. It is the instinct of right and wrong, the native conviction of personal responsibility. It is this that makes human history upon one page so sorrowful, sinful, and tragic, and on another so joyous, pure, and sublime. The material organization of man is the most refined and complex of organisms. But back of all anatomy there is that for which anatomical processes can give no reasons, and which physical law cannot control. Human history is oftentimes heroic where the physical instincts would have made it disgraceful. We hear of prophets battling for truth when truth leads them to dishonor and poverty. We behold seers looking forward to the universal reign of purity and love. We see hosts of martyrs, for all degrees of noble aims, going in triumph to the stake and cross, believing in an honor and joy made perfect through shame and suffering. And, more than these, the repentance of the sinful, the remorse and despair of the guilty, as the antitheses of the aspirations and peace of the holy, defy the efforts of the operator's microscope and knife. The moral sense declares that over all our life there must be an Absolute Morality. Thus, in the presence of our own hearts and the history of human kind, as much facts as any truths of nature and natural history, we cannot help declaring that in the Supreme Power there is *at least* a good as pure as our best, a real that at least equals our ideal, a truth, a beauty, and a love, which must at least be as noble as the truth, beauty, and love which inspire us. Over us, who are thinking persons endowed with a moral consciousness, having sublime intuitions and ideals, there must be at least a Supreme Power who perfectly realizes our loftiest conception or imagining. If we have an instinctive faith there must be the possibility of satisfying it. If we long for perfection, for an absolute holiness and love, there must be as great a Holy and Loving Reality as our prayers seek. If we feel in ourselves the instinct of an imperishable life, and if in all ages all races of mankind declare immortality, though widely

separated and unknown to each other, certainly there is an Imperishable Life somewhere, and we may reasonably hope that man's personal consciousness of it assures him of personal consciousness in it.

Having now passed rapidly through some of the truths of both consciousness and experience, and indicated facts which cannot be accounted for by a materialistic or exclusively phenomenal hypothesis, I will here rest my essay, adding only, that I think it is evident, from an impartial study of ourselves and the world around us, that we can know that which is immaterial and real as well as that which is material and phenomenal. Spiritual science, using the word "spiritual" as before indicated, is, therefore, possible. Religion then is possibly more than mere "faith." Our aspirations after Deity are not futile endeavors to know an utter Unknowable. We may rest with confidence upon our intuitions. We can be loyal to conscience as the witness of a real law of Right. We can trust in goodness as a fact proceeding from an eternal Good. We can obey truth as the word of an absolutely True. As human beings seeking a Divine Being, we do not seek an utter mystery, but at least a Person who is real as we are. Physical science is useful, and is an incalculable aid to the increase of material comfort and wealth. As the instrument to accomplish these things, it should be carefully nurtured; but when it is permitted to overrule human life, when we allow it to put unconscious Matter on the throne of the universe, or to crown there an utter Unknowable, we are faithless to ourselves, and it is our duty to cherish our nobler personality, giving only Him whose right it is to reign, and those revelations which meet our irrepressible longings and endorse our immortal hopes, our reverent homage and allegiance. It should never be forgotten that above all physical truth and use, worthy as are our occupations in them, our true dignity as human creatures consists in looking "at the spiritual and immortal side of our being, and rising evermore above time and sense to that which transcends time and sense and remains where these leave us forever."

STEADFASTNESS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are men enough to begin a good work. Their feelings are easily touched ; their enthusiasm roused. In the excitement of the hour, difficulties vanish away. Success is certain. But when the hard work begins, then comes the test which is to show what is factitious and what is real ; what is superficial emotion, and what a substantial, conscientious conviction. The man who believes in God from the very depths of his soul, and who believes that every righteous cause is the cause of God, and, therefore, sooner or later must succeed, is not to be shaken in his faith by any difficulties that he may meet. These difficulties are intended to show what sort of a man he is ; whether his courage is a reality or not. The great conflict of life is one into which we almost all of us enter with zeal and hope. We feel sure that an easy victory is before us. The prizes seem already within our reach. The prospect of danger excites us. We go forth with eagerness. We put forth all our strength. We throw ourselves into the midst of peril, expecting everything to give way before us. The first shock of resistance surprises and disturbs us. We had not counted on that. Or even before we come into the combat, there is so much of preparation to be gone through, so many little annoying labors to be endured, so many wearisome and apparently useless marches and countermarches to be made, so many delays which seem to end in nothing ; and then there are so many violent assaults which look as if they ended only in defeat ; so many temporary successes which seem to lead to no important results ; or there seems to be no persistent plan by which what is gained to-day may contribute to the success of to-morrow, and even what is lost to-day may strengthen our hearts and prepare us to gain and to profit by greater successes to-morrow. We do not see through it. We are disturbed and confounded. The overruling hand and mind of God are invisible to us. And because we cannot see them,

we fear that they are not. Many, therefore, lose heart and fall away; and all the beauty and nobleness of their nature are but as a tender leaf torn from the stem. But there are others, whose courage rises with the occasion. They know that all will be well with them, if only they do their part. They fall only to rise again with renewed strength. God is with them, and they cannot distrust him. If they seem to be defeated, they know that it is for some good purpose,—that defeat itself is only one of the steps by which, if they continue faithful, they will be led on to the crowning triumph at last.

It is so in the active duties and conflicts of life. Impatience under obstacles or defeats is the mark of a weak and irresolute nature. It argues a want of faith. Is the work in which we are engaged a righteous work? Is the end which we propose to reach a high and holy one? Then let us stand fast in the Lord. He may put us to a severe test, but he will not forsake us, and he that is faithful unto death shall receive a crown of life.

The great souls who stand out in the history of the world, like the stars which shine upon us from the remotest heavens, are those who thus stood fast when all around them were ready to give way. They dared to hope against hope. They rested not on the events of the day or changing opinions, but on their own solemn convictions of right. To the support of that, they bent every energy of their nature. They believed in God, and, therefore, armed with a divine courage, they turned weakness into strength. From defeat they went forth conquering and to conquer. Through death they rose to an immortal fame on earth, and an eternal life in heaven. They are the men who illuminate the darkness of the past and inspire us with hopes for the future. Such were the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, the heroes and patriots, whose names are familiar wherever virtue and religion and honor are respected, and will be while the world lasts. Such are the apostles and heroes and martyrs in private walks, who labor faithfully though obscurely, who fight

the good fight, who finish the work which is given them to do, and whose names, if unknown among men, are written in the Lamb's book of life, and will there be held in everlasting remembrance. How many such men fall on every battlefield, perhaps the greatest heroes of all, because they know that no earthly record will bear their names down to the admiring reverence of distant ages. How many such heroes and martyrs live and die in every walk of life — the joy and comfort of their friends, the hope, the salvation, and, as will appear at last, the glory of the world. We hear but little about them while they live. No noisy demonstrations of public grief mark their passage from this world to another. No pilgrims throng around their graves. Yet even here they live on in loving hearts. Their names awaken tearful memories. The homes which their lives have consecrated belong to *our* Holy Land. Their virtues live in our hearts, and when they have passed away, they are living still and drawing us upward into fairer realms.

For, not merely in the storm and conflict of life where perilous things are to be dared and great things to be done are we to show our steadfastness, but in our social and domestic walks, in the affections which unite us to our friends, which lead to quiet, self-forgetting acts, and make up the joy and beauty of our daily life. The changing caprices of affection are sometimes more cruel than the sword. We read of One, who, having loved his own which were in the world, loved them unto the end. They were weak and ignorant and changing. They could not understand his great and generous nature. They left him in the most trying hour. But he did not leave them or give them up. His heart never yearned so tenderly towards them as when he knew that they were about to leave him alone and to be scattered every man to his own. And so it should be with us in our relation to our friends. Our loyalty to them should have the persistency and sacredness of a religious sentiment. We should cherish and sustain it by a fidelity as conscientious and a vigilance as constant as that by which we cherish and maintain our allegiance to God. We must be slow to suspect, and quick to

sympathize—bearing with them in their changing moods—assisting them when they are weak, forgiving them when they go astray, and so forgiving as to leave no sting of reproach behind. Friends thus united, thus generous and forbearing, have the qualities which are most conducive to personal improvement and domestic happiness. With them the daily charities live and thrive; the charms and graces of life have a spiritual significance and beauty. Time, which cools the ardor of our early enthusiasm, refines their affections, purifies their hearts, draws them more tenderly together, throws a strengthening grace around them, and lends a quiet charm to their features.

We remember such a home. When we first knew it, they who belonged to it had passed their threescore years. The romantic visions of youth had been subdued and chastened by the cares and labors and disappointments of maturer life. But no chill had ever entered the sanctuary of their affections, to blight their earliest and fondest desires. No disappointment had ever come there, with its keen edge, to divide them asunder one from the other. There was the same reverence which makes the young man's devotion more a religious sentiment than a human passion, only it was then more gentle, more steadily benignant, more a constant flame, varying less than it may once have done with the vehement impulses of the moment. They loved one another and they loved their neighbors and friends. They envied no man's prosperity and looked with an evil eye on no man's happiness or success. In that home we never heard one unkind word, one envious or jealous feeling, or one harsh judgment expressed. No man's good name was ever the less respected because it passed through their thoughts and into their conversation.

Long and painful illness on his part only bound them more lovingly together. There was a serene religious trust on both sides. He passed, not unwillingly, away. And there were no repining thoughts with her. She did not force herself into submission; but accepted her altered and widowed lot from her father's hand, with the same meek resignation with which

she had accepted his blessings. But in her apparent solitude her thoughts were more in other worlds than in this. She became gradually detached from all the interests of life. Amid the most constant and loving attentions, which she never ceased to recognize and bless, the silver cord at last was loosed, and she peacefully fell asleep. While strength was given, she had stood fast in the Lord, faithfully doing his work, steadfast in her affections, neither hoping nor fearing, but trusting with a submission so perfect that it was rather an act of gratitude than of painful resignation. And so he giveth his beloved sleep, — the rest of a devout, loving, faithful soul.

A SUMMER SONG FOR WINTER WEATHER.

THE old apple-tree,
Noblest on the hill,
Takes me in its arms ;
There lie I dreaming, dreaming,
Dreaming at my will.

Little birds, hopping,
Think not I am there ;
While they trill wild notes,
Think not of my dreaming
In the scented air.

Leaves glance bright above,
Boughs rock me beneath,
Moving like calm waves,
Or blue harebells dreaming
On a summer heath.

Now, my eye-lids closing,
Look I inwardly ;
All the outward music,
All the green leaves dreaming
Seem to follow me.

Feeling and sweet thought,
Old sweet grief and mirth,
Like gold fruit, are hanging
Mid green boughs of my dreaming,
Far above the earth.

Hope and winged Fancy,
Midway chirp and sing,
And each cadence breaks
Upon this still, deep dreaming,
Like sound in blossoming.

Peace, a deeper peace,
Joy, a fuller tide,
Like swans on glassy waves,
Come gliding down my dreaming
Friendly, side by side.

Say you, little wren,
That our life of mirth
Distances a king's,
As the sky in azure dreaming
Distances the earth?

Well said ! noisy world,
Custom's weedy throng,
Here I give the go-by ;
For they match not in my dreaming
With your wing and song.

Hearken, little bird !
When God round your heart
Laid those mottled wings,
He gave you heavenly dreaming
For your life-long part.

I — my wild translator
Of that upper bliss —
On my doubtful pinions
Fanned through some strange dreaming
Ere a dream like *this*.

A. R. W.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY ALICE M. WELLINGTON.

"Thou warnest and smitest,
But Christ must atone
For a soul thou hast slighted—
Thine own."

It is urged against modern thought, not without some justice, that its tendency is not devotional. We plead for culture, and men complain of it as an aggravated form of selfishness, ranked higher than religion. It is strange the accusation should come from the church, whose religion, indeed, teaches unselfishness, but whose theology is one tissue of apotheosized self. The question she confesses to consider of primary importance is not, "Have we a God in heaven?" but, "How are we to get there ourselves?" She does not bid her children forget their own weal in generous love for all mankind, but bends every effort to excite a keen, fierce, morbid analysis of their own souls, until at last they cast themselves not upon, but before, a cross, to free themselves from a "weight of sin" which they have found "intolerable" by casting it upon one whose life of utter self-renunciation they profess in this way to commemorate.

Surely, if we are to reject culture as selfish we cannot accept in its stead a theology whose centre and pivot is self. Through the ages seems to sound the same resistless, rebuking voice, "Why callest thou me good? If thou lovest me, rise from thy knees before my cross, take up *thy* cross, and *follow* me. There is none good save God." We turn shivering from the church, exclaiming, with one of the noblest of her priests, "That soul has alone been truly saved which has ceased to think of its own salvation!"

And yet it is sincerely our purpose to consider the subject from the stand-point of the Psalmist, "The Lord desireth not sacrifice, else would I give it."

There come crises in human destiny, when there are two

hungry men and but one dinner ; two eager hands and but one laurel-wreath ; two weary souls — but for one the couch of rose-leaves, for the other martyrdom at the stake.

“ One thought enters into each young soul,
Joy for one, if for the other pain ;
Loss for one, if for the other gain ;
One must lose, and one possess, the whole.”

So nobly has human nature borne the penalty, so grandly has the self-surrender been made, *when it was necessary*, that around the act has gathered a halo of association, which transfigures the very word “self-sacrifice” into a talisman men delight to bind upon their hearts. The deed is worshipped, long after the necessity for it has passed away ; as evidenced in the old monkish asceticism and in Lenten self-denials, where the dinner is not sent away to a hungrier brother, but simply set aside in the closet, that the self-discipline may be a sort of spiritual gymnastics, training the soul to take the attitude of sacrifice more readily when it shall become necessary.

It is a feeling Ruskin justifies in saying, “Of two stones for your church, equally beautiful, equally useful, choose the costlier, just because it” will cost you more. It is a tendency to worship, not self, but immolated self, which, perhaps, is not less dangerous. It would make of us all a moral Richard III., wading to perfection through our own heart’s blood, and, when we reach the moral throne we aim at, exclaiming, “Oh, what a good boy am I !” Far from being the cheerful resignation which bears patiently a cross that has been laid upon it, it is rather the restless zeal which is not satisfied till it has hunted up a cross, and then, like Paul, glories in it. Our silken drawing-rooms, with their marble statuary and delicate atmosphere, it looks upon shudderingly as a tempting Capua ; and, warning us of the effect of art and luxury on Greece and Rome, bids us not only help the poor, but sell all we have and ourselves become poor.

In stemming the tide of this popular belief, let us not be misunderstood. If there is, indeed, but one dinner, no voice

could bid you more earnestly than mine give it without a sigh to your hungry brother ; but, if there are two, I have no respect for the man who does not enjoy every morsel of his own. Sir Philip Sidney, passing the cup of cold water from his own parched lips to the common soldier dying at his side, is one of my heart's heroes : David, pouring on the senseless dust of Adullum the precious drops his knights had risked their lives to bring to him, I cannot glorify as history and literature unite in doing. A glorious sacrifice would it have been, indeed, had the King of Israel bitten his lips in agony rather than express the thirsty longing ; lest his knights, loyal to him as Browning to his dear queen —

“ For whom, to furnish lilies for her hair,
I'd pour my veins forth to enrich the soil,”

should rush “ through the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell,” to gratify him. No passionate sacrifice of Mary Magdalen, “ changing the perfume of her vanity into an incense that should fill the centuries,” do I rebuke ; no box of precious ointment you have brought from your own treasures to anoint the feet of Christ or one of his little ones ; simply the too eager zeal that would tear out its right eye and cut off its right hand, when they do *not* offend.

For I hold it true that human hearts, like flowers, were meant to come to their fullest perfection in the sunlight. I believe that he, from whose gracious lips fell the command to love thy neighbor “ as thyself,” recognized in that self something not less worthy of your love, something claiming your high reverence and sacred care. If you believe in the human soul as a holy gift from God, recognized in your neighbor, surely the one jewel trusted to your special ward and keeping you have no right recklessly to neglect. The highest development, the most favorable conditions for culture and growth, mental, moral, and physical, you have every right, nay, you have no right not to, desire and struggle for. If you are born in the purple atmosphere of elegance and ease, I rejoice that at least one of God's children has not been robbed of his birth-right. None recognize the discipline of happiness ; none

sing the vast responsibilities of joy; "*c'est une chose terrible d'être heureux*," but few there are who recognize in the holy, vivifying touch of joy a chrism of strength, a sacramental help. We have lost faith in the beautiful pagan Psyche, wakened to immortality by the kiss of her beloved; holding, rather, that every Undine must win her own soul through suffering and tears. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," we take a melancholy pleasure in repeating; and so deeply is suffering believed in as the great regenerator of the world that our only hope for many a sinning brother is that some terrible calamity may fall upon him from the hand of God, and make him realize the error of his ways. On all purity of life that is not the clear, cold, negative purity of the diamond, won by chastening every passionate desire, the world still looks with suspicion and distrust. Oh, men, my brothers! there are souls whose fiery purity is that of transparent flame, crimson in its passionate pureness, wreathing its very hope and joy into aspiring worship; souls that, when sorrow suddenly chills the ecstasy of life, recognize suffering humbly, and bear it patiently as the penalty of man's disobedience of law, still seeking their Creator, whom they believe to have made all things beautiful in his time, in a hand which pityingly sustains, not mercilessly inflicts, their pain. The joyous flame, that burned so brightly on their altar of worship, may have gone out forever; but still in their holy of holies burns a chastened opaline splendor.

It was the disciple whom Jesus loved that was patient through all the weary disappointment, and only when the net was drawn over the ship's side, heavy with blessing, exclaimed, "It is the Lord!"

To me it is so infinitely sad that most of us are roused to our first earnestness and intensity of living by some calamity; that so few of us remember our Creator before the evil days draw nigh; that happy days and peaceful nights find us either carelessly indifferent or complacently self-satisfied; and that only when a careless workman heats an iron cylinder the tenth of a degree too little or too much, and sends a Pemberton Mill crashing to the earth with the wreck of a hun-

dred lives, or when a drunken tender forgets a switch that sends a train reeling from the bank to fill the air for weeks with the groans of the dying and with mourning for the dead, that only then the human heart cries in its agony, "There is a God!"

First, then, I justify happiness, and even luxury, because I believe them to be our birthright. We have known many gentle souls who trembled lest their passion for art or music were too absorbing, and God were growing jealous of their divided worship. Surely, this bright universe is his; the inspiration that creates a glorious symphony is from him; the exquisite beauty of our earth is his handiwork; and if, when he touches so your life, your heart throbs quicker in response, surely, "God must be glad one loves his world so much."

I do not reproach you that, while there are wretched homes on North Street, you live yourself in a palace on Commonwealth Avenue; if only you would realize your power, and sanctify, by using, it. There is something touching in the sacrifice of the widow's mite; but there is something glorious in the generosity of the rich. It is so easy, if you never had a rose before, to realize its preciousness, and give it up to make another happy: it is so hard, if you have always had a garden-full, to realize that there can be any one to whom they are rare and precious. The governor's wife steps from her carriage at the North End Mission, with baskets heavy with crimson bloom; and it does not chill our gratitude nor dim the beauty of the deed, to know that her own greenhouse will never miss their loss. I do not reproach you for being a beautiful woman of the world, the queen of stately drawing-rooms, the favorite of society, the fascination of all hearts: I bow before your power, if only you will wield it to noble ends. I am willing all who come before you should —

"Kneel at your feet, as adorers in thrall,"

if only, when they have left your presence, they —

"Kneel more to God than they used: that is all."

To fight with a loftier zeal "for the glory of God's holy name," because we are fighting too for the glory of our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre; to pledge ourselves to the sacred service of abstract art, yet to thrill with a deeper enthusiasm if Seraphael leads the orchestra; to clasp our hand in Christ's, while we lift our eyes to the Father; to look through all noble humanity up to humanity's God — alas! that admiration for a beautiful woman should be the only enthusiasm that does not lift men above itself; that ends selfishly in the gratification of its own passion — a single break in the delicate spiral by which a noble personality wins through itself a noble love for that of which it is the incarnation.

So I do not bid you cast aside the purple mantle of your royalty, only remember one, who, when he was lifted up, drew all men after him; see to it, that in preparing your ascension robe you do not brush aside the poor souls grasping at its hem; see to it that your horses' feet are as familiar with the alleys of the North End as with the pavements of the Champs Elysées; see to it that the splendor falls from your castle walls far down the long, unlovely street, where the sun gains entrance to the miserable, huddled dwellings only from above, where too often there is no roof to keep him out. It was not literature and art, but literature and art confined to the aristocracy, that ruined Greece and Rome.

For, secondly, I justify self-culture because I believe it to be the strongest element in helpfulness to others. If only from a sense of duty to our neighbor, we should struggle for the highest development of our own nature. It is a beautiful illustration of the divine economy, that no one can help his brother without strengthening himself, or, conversely, strengthen himself without helping his brother. It is thought that almost any one can teach a primary school; but surely the child-soul ought to breathe an atmosphere of the rarest culture and the most crystalline purity, if it is to blossom into fragrant perfection. It is thought that almost any one with a kind heart can be matron of an orphan asylum, or president of a benevolent association; but in reality there

are few positions that require more the refinement of a true lady, or the influence of a perfect gentleman. Let the highest stoop to the lowest; let the deepest refinement minister to the grossest coarseness: they may not appreciate it, but, believe me, it will awe them into silent respect. Let us "yoke our wagon to a star!"

None who have been much among the poor can have failed to notice that the picturesqueness of elegance and luxury make a strong appeal to them. We remember once going into the Massachusetts Hospital, and finding two of our little friends, who had crept out of the surgical ward after long weeks of suffering, sitting on the window-seat in the hall, laughing delightedly as they drew in long breaths of the soft, fragrant June air. A door opened below, and the little daughter of the resident physician, radiant in her dainty dress and sash, went tripping down the broad stone steps. No pang of envy crossed the face of the little maids in calico, as their eyes glanced from the fairy feet, so daintily shod, to the crutches at their own side; but one, leaning far out over the sill to watch her farther down the garden, clapped her hands and cried delightedly, "O Nelly! do look out, and see the pretty little girl!"

And my heart smote me that when I left home that afternoon, and some one asked why I was putting on my shabbiest old brown hat, I had answered carelessly, "I am only going to the hospital!"

Only to the hospital! where the shimmer of your summer silk, and the floral display of Parisian art upon your hat, are scarcely less a pleasure than the silken word you let fall from your lips, and the fragrant flower you carry in your hand. Henceforth, my little maidens, no toilette I am to wear on some eventful class-day shall be studied with more care for effect than the dress I don when going "only to the hospital."

A second popular form of self-sacrifice is that for the sake of example. "If meat cause my brother to offend, I will eat no more flesh while the world standeth, lest I cause my brother to offend." The glass of wine which I honestly be-

lieve to be perfectly harmless to myself personally, I will nevertheless refuse in the presence of others, "lest this liberty of mine become a stumbling-block to them that are weak." The genius of Charlotte Cushman, which I know would be to me one of those inspiring enthusiasms which we all need at times to keep our souls high-strung at concert-pitch, I will nevertheless forego, lest my brother suppose for an instant that I countenance his attendance on the "Black Crook;" unless, indeed, by an easy trip to another city where I am unknown, I can enjoy the innocent pleasure without fearing the effect of my personal example. Setting aside all other pleas against this extraordinary method, we will merely urge the one of its inexpediency; its utter failure to secure the desired end: simply because, in the providence of God, nothing does eventually succeed which is based upon a lie. Character, influence, is something which breathes insensibly from the whole man, not from his single acts; something delicate, impalpable as the fragrance from a flower, but just as clearly felt in the moral atmosphere. Your brother may never discover that you take a glass of wine in the solitude of your own closet; but the gradual tinge of insincerity that will color your life will make itself unconsciously felt, and will weaken your power over him a thousand times more surely. The pupil of Delsarte in single attitudes may astonish us with his wonderful expression of a given emotion; but, before the entire play is over, we tire of a studied perfectness that merely comes from complete control over the muscular machinery of the body, and is not, as we thought, the inspiration of a chameleon-soul, exquisitely sensitive to every atmosphere of pain or passion, sorrow or delight.

With Lenten self-denials, either spiritual or physical, we do not sympathize. We are referred to the example of St. Paul, who "kept his body under subjection." True, but our most diligent search of Scripture fails to find mention of any Easter time when he ceased to do so. Once acknowledge the validity of his arguments, the force of his example, and you are bound to take ascetic vows, not merely for Lent, but

for life. Again, we are commended to the example of our Lord. Oh, strange mistaking of effect for cause! It was natural that a lofty soul, oppressed with the waking consciousness of carrying in its bosom the secrets of the universe, half shrinking before the first forebodings of its own fateful destiny, wandering out of the frivolous city to seek solitude in the wilderness, should forget to eat. The exaltation caused the fasting, not the fasting the exaltation. Christ turned aside from the heartless gayety of the world because he had ceased to care for it; but Lenten penitents pause for a moment in its delirious whirl, from a trembling fear that they are beginning to care for little else.

There is no more beautiful illustration of the divine plan that the ways of duty were meant to be paths of pleasantness and peace, and that the misery and suffering of this world have crept in by man's disobedience, not God's ordaining, than the fact that all acts essential to the existence of the universe, and which, therefore, God did not dare to leave to our free will or caprice of temperament, *he has made it a delight to us to do*. Think for a moment how it would be with us had we been created with a dutiful sense of the necessity of eating three times a day, but without the slightest impulse to do it, or the slightest pleasure in the act. Suppose that the healthful mountain air were like physicians' tonics, bitter and disagreeable at the time, but valuable for their after effects. Suppose at night, in full possession of all our strength, longing to go on with our study or amusement, we nevertheless felt with a conscientious sigh that it was time to throw ourselves upon our couch, as we sometimes feel with conscientious sighs that it is time to throw ourselves into the dentist's chair; and that every night we dreaded the approach of sleep as we dread the dentist's ether, giving ourselves shudderingly up to utter self-annihilation, feeling it to be a horrible necessity. Truly, God's ways are not our ways; and I know nothing for which we ought more reverently to thank him on bended knee than that the acts which his law has made it utterly impossible for us not to do, his loving kindness has made it a supreme delight to do.

It is because I believe so deeply that to be truly useful to others we must develop our own powers to their highest, that the one sacrifice that has riveted the attention of the world is to me only glorious in so far as it was human nature bearing nobly the suffering its ignorant brothers laid upon it; not the divine nature trying to help man by sacrificing its own high attributes, and lowering itself to his level. We are aware that we thus reject from religious worship a large part of that element which the Trinitarian exalts above the impulse of love: the element of gratitude. That God so loved the world as himself to suffer for his wandering children has touched many a tender heart with exquisite and grateful devotion. It is, indeed, a glorious element in my friend's love that he will die for me if necessary; what true friend do we cherish that we do not know would do so? But I cannot see why I should rejoice to see the test applied. If he is great and powerful to rescue me without perishing himself, I cannot see that the beauty of the deed is tarnished. Robert G. Shaw died for his country; Gen. Bartlett faced death for his country: and we crown with the same laurel the cold sepulchre of the one and the living brow of the other. It is not the death, but the willingness to die. We know God loves us so deeply as to die for us if necessary; but, believing him to be God, we cannot believe it necessary; we cannot doubt he is omnipotent in resources to touch and lift and teach and comfort us, without bearing our infirmities. In this all-powerful love, O Father! we ask no element of sacrifice; but, with bended knee and lifted voice, chant the "Gloria in Excelsis," and most of all "give thanks to thee for thy great glory!"

"NEVER write the word 'despair' upon the book of time. 'Eternity' is its running-title, and the leaves are written over with immortal truths."

THE MORAVIAN BRETHREN.

BY EDWARD S. CROSS.

THE town of Bethlehem, situated in eastern Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Lehigh River, possesses an interest still higher than that which it derives from charming scenery, flourishing manufactures, or its most recent boast, the new Lehigh University. For this Bethlehem is the metropolis, in America, of an ancient and venerable church, distinguished by the heroic romance of its history, renowned for its missionary zeal, its purity, and its Christian charity, and illustrious for the myriads of its saints and martyrs; a church which, although insignificant in point of numbers, is diffused through the most distant lands and among the most various races; the Moravian Church of the United Brethren, or, as it is officially termed, the "Unitas Fratrum," — the Brethren's Unity.*

The countries of Bohemia and Moravia are still chiefly, as they were once almost wholly, peopled by a Slavonic tribe, the Czechs,† who were, during the latter half of the ninth century, converted to Christianity, partly by the efforts of the Church of Rome, but chiefly by those of Cyril and Methodius, missionaries of the Greek Church, sent from Constantinople by the Eastern Emperor. These illustrious apostles, far from pursuing the denationalizing policy which Pagan Rome transmitted to her Papal successor, gave to their converts a Slavonic Bible and a Slavonic ritual. The independent spirit thus fostered in the Czechs resisted for several centuries the aggressions of Romish authority, which, although finally imposed upon the people, never obtained so firm and complete an ascendancy as in other lands. As the

* This church is not to be confounded, as has sometimes been the case, with the "United Brethren in Christ," a wholly distinct body, of German-American origin.

† Pronounced *Checks*.

Czechs were among the last to be enslaved, so were they among the first to regain their freedom. The followers of Huss and Jerome of Prague were true Protestants more than a century before Luther. They protested against many errors, both of doctrine and of practice, in the Romish Church; but the central point of their resistance was the demand for the administration of the Eucharist to the laity in both kinds. The *Cup* became to Bohemia, as the sacred ark to the Jews, the violet crown to Athens, and the eagle to Rome, the symbol of its national life. The history of Bohemia, as far as it possesses an interest for the world, is the history of the struggle for the Cup. The persecutions, the reformations, the civil and foreign wars that marked the course of three successive centuries, centred around the Cup. The Cup, whose lustre, like that of the Holy Grail, shines over the pages of Bohemian history, reddens not only with the mystic semblance of the blood of our Lord, but also with the very life-current of the nation of the Czechs.

The Hussites of Bohemia, after having avenged upon the Romish crusaders the judicial murder of the great reformer in 1415, became their own religious and civil masters. The Hussite reformation had a political and national as well as a religious significance, — Huss was regarded as the foremost asserter of Bohemian nationality against Germany and Rome, and even at the present day is regarded by Roman Catholic Czechs* as the national hero of Bohemia. With national independence and a partial reformation the Calixtines (the "men of the Cup") were content; while the Taborites, a more radical party of the Hussites, demanded a more sweeping reformation; but, appealing to arms, were overthrown in the battle of Böhmisches-Brod in the year 1434. The Calixtines, now forming the national church of Bohemia, retrograded from even the imperfect reformation which they had accomplished, and became more and more assimilated to

* Such an one replied to a Moravian from America who asked if he admired Huss, in the words, "I am a Czech!" as if that were enough to prove him a friend of the champion of the ancient Czechs.

the Romanists with whom they had compromised. In this condition of affairs arose the church of the United Brethren.

A number of devout and earnest men, both Calixtines and Taborites, founded at Lititz, in the Giant Mountains, in the year 1456, a colony which became in the following year the society, and, joined by kindred societies throughout Bohemia and Moravia, became in 1467 the church of the "Unitas Fratrum," a communion which claims to be the oldest of Protestant Episcopal churches, and possesses, like the churches of England and Sweden, the apostolical succession, which the Unitas has derived from the Romish Church through the intermediate channel of the Bohemian Waldenses.*

The church thus founded grew in numbers, notwithstanding a series of severe persecutions. Fifty years later, "at the beginning of Luther's Reformation, the Unitas Fratrum counts more than four hundred churches in Bohemia and Moravia, and has a membership of at least two hundred thousand souls, among whom are some of the noblest families of the land."† From Bohemia and Moravia the Unitas spread into Poland, where, near the middle of the sixteenth century, about forty churches were established in less than six years. Meantime, the doctrines of Luther and Calvin spread rapidly among the Bohemian and Moravian people, and an Evangelical Union of the Lutheran, the Reformed (Calvinistic), and the Brethren's Church (comprising, together, two-thirds of the Bohemian population), was at first tolerated, and afterwards recognized by the imperial government. Scarcely, however, had the Unitas reached the summit of its apparent security, when it was thrust suddenly into overthrow and ruin. The story of the Bohemian revolt of the year 1618, of the two invasions of Austria and the siege of Vienna, of Frederick, the Winter King of Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia, — his brief glory and his sudden fall, — form not the least dramatic portion of the history of a conflict full of dramatic interest, — the Thirty Years' War.

* See Bishop de Schweinitz's pamphlet, *The Moravian Episcopate*: H. T. Clauder, Bethlehem, Pa.

† Bishop de Schweinitz's *Moravian Manual*: H. T. Clauder, Bethlehem, Pa.

The extirpation of Bohemian and Moravian Protestantism followed the downfall of the independence of these countries. The Unitas in Poland continued to exist for a time, but gradually merged its existence in that of the Reformed Church. The Unitas Fratrum now seemed irrecoverably lost; yet its spirit and even its organization were but lying dormant for a season. The period of the Ancient Church had ended; that of the Hidden Seed had commenced; that of the Renewed Church was concealed in the depths of the future, yet not wholly invisible to the eye of faith. The Unitas was for many years not "a church without a bishop," but an episcopate without a church. "Hoping against hope" (as de Schweinitz remarks), the eminent Comenius, an illustrious scholar as well as a faithful bishop,—the last of the Bohemian-Moravian line,—continued the succession by consecrating, in connection with the last Polish bishop, two colleagues in the episcopate. Other bishops, during the following generations, followed the example of Comenius, and the episcopate thus transmitted formed the link which connected the Ancient to the Renewed Church.

Meanwhile there still remained in Bohemia and Moravia, in the latter country especially, a few descendants of the Brethren (some of them Czechs, but more of them Germans whose ancestors had long been settled in those countries), who still cherished in secret the faith of their fathers. In the year 1717, Christian David, a Moravian carpenter and soldier, converted from Romanism, commenced a series of missionary expeditions from Lusatia, where he resided, to his native country, and a spiritual awakening, especially among the descendants of the Brethren, followed.

From a third quarter,—from Saxony, as from Poland and Moravia, came also the preparation for the Renewed Church. Count Zinzendorf, a wealthy Saxon noble of high rank, descended from an Austrian family exiled for its Protestant opinions, having, in the year 1721, attained his majority, purchased the estate of Berthelsdorf, designing to make it the centre of movements for the embodiment of the pietistic theory of "*ecclesiolæ in ecclesia*" (little churches within the

church),* which he had derived from the eminent Spener, the predecessor and coadjutor of Francke. While his plans were yet unsettled, he was visited by Christian David, who informed him of the desire of the awakened Moravians, persecuted at home, to seek protection in exile. The result of this interview was the founding, in the year 1722, of the town of Herrnhut, on the estate of Berthelsdorf, by a small band of Moravian refugees, who were afterwards joined by many others of their persecuted countrymen, and by a smaller number of devout Lutherans from Germany. The organizing genius of Zinzendorf gave to the society of Herrnhut a peculiar and elaborate constitution, to which, in the year 1735, was added the episcopate, of whose preservation and transmission mention has been made. The first bishop of the Renewed Church was the carpenter David Nitschmann, who six years subsequently founded Bethlehem in Pennsylvania: the second was Count Zinzendorf himself. Meanwhile the society of Herrnhut, in 1732, had inaugurated that system of foreign missions which has given the Moravian Church its widest renown. The commencement of the foreign mission work was soon followed by the rapid extension of the Unitas throughout Europe, and the establishment of the Diaspora, a home mission embracing those members of European Protestant churches, who, while still retaining their connection with their own churches, at the same time are affiliated with the Brethren. The Diaspora is most prevalent among the Lutherans of the Baltic provinces of Russia.

Until Zinzendorf's death in 1760, his rank, his liberality, and his sacrifices united with his commanding abilities and acknowledged sanctity to make his influence paramount in the Unitas. Yet the Count was but the chief of a large group of contemporaries in the Brethren's church, remarkable at once for ability, energy and piety. Of the mother church

* An idea borrowed by Wesley, whose design was not to found a church or sect, but to establish societies of devout souls within the English Church. The first intention of the Unitas Fratrum, in the year 1457, was the same.

of Herrnhut it has been said,* "If ever the idea has been realized of a nation of kings, an army of generals, or a church of priests, we may behold it here."

The century that has elapsed since the death of Zinzendorf has been a period of comparative tranquillity in the history of the Unitas, hardly requiring further mention in a sketch like the present. It remains to speak of the present numbers of the Brethren, of their worship, of their doctrine, and of a few of their prominent characteristics.

The Unitas, at first a Slavonic, and afterwards a German, is now a cosmopolitan church. It consists of, first, the Home Church, in Europe and America, consisting of three "provinces," the Continental, the British, and the American, and numbering, in 1868, 14,871 communicants, and a total of 24,573 souls, of whom nearly one-half were in the United States; second, the Diaspora, before mentioned, numbering about 80,000 souls; and, third, the Foreign Missions, with 313 European and American missionaries, 1,117 native helpers, and a population of 70,311 souls under Christian instruction, of whom about 20,000 are communicants. The Brethren have, since 1732, sent about 2,300 missionaries of European blood among the heathen in various parts of the globe or the once semi-heathen negro population of the West Indies and South America. The present ratio of foreign missionaries is 1 out of every 49 Moravian communicants in Europe and the United States,—a proportion truly astonishing, and scarcely, if ever, paralleled in Christian history.

The public worship of the Brethren combines liturgical with extemporaneous services. The Liturgy † of the Unitas consists chiefly of a number of "Litanies" (the application of the term only partially corresponding with its use in the Anglican Church), for the regular services of the church for baptisms, for burials, and for the Easter Morning service.

* History of the Moravians. By A. Bost. Translated from the French. London: The Religious Tract Society.

† In the Liturgy and Hymns of the Brethren, published by H. T. Clauder, Bethlehem. See also the Moravian Manual, before mentioned, which contains nearly the whole of the Liturgy.

The petitions of the Moravian Liturgy bear much resemblance to those of Anglican, in devoutness of spirit and felicity and terseness of expression. In the first "Church Litany," among other evils from which our Lord is besought to preserve us are these,—

"From coldness to thy merits and death,
From error and misunderstanding,
From the loss of our glory in thee,
From the unhappy desire of becoming great,
From self-complacency,
From untimely projects,
From needless perplexity."

The crowning service of the Moravians is that of Easter morning, when the Brethren, aroused from their slumbers before dawn by the sound of musical instruments, flock in full numbers to their churches, and, after a preliminary service, march, if the weather permit, in procession to the graveyard, preceded by trombonists and singers. In the graveyard, at the resurrection of the sun from the seeming death of night, and in that season of the year in which Nature herself rises from the death of winter, the Brethren commemorate the rising of our Lord, the pledge of the resurrection also of the saints whose graves lie beneath their feet. The Easter Morning Litany, sublime and joyous, with its simple confession of faith (the nearest approach to a creed among the Brethren), and its sudden bursts of inwoven song, is there recited, and the names of the Brethren deceased during the year are read.

The remarkable hold which the Moravian Church retains upon its young* is due not alone to the genial sweetness which makes religion attractive, and the uprightness and earnest devotion which make it reverend, but also, in a meas-

* The Moravian congregation in Bethlehem proper consisted in 1869 of one thousand and twelve communicants, one hundred and three non-communicants, and five hundred children; it thus appearing that, notwithstanding the strictness of the examination of candidates for confirmation, nearly all the youth, at the proper age, pass into the ranks of the communicants.

ure, to the festival services, religious, social, and musical, which are held especially for the children, in their choirs.* The beautiful public services of the Brethren, especially those of the great seasons of the Christian year, are adapted to attract and impress the young as well as the old.

The Brethren have no creed, as such, but their belief, as expressed in their Liturgy and their theological literature, resembles that of the churches commonly called Evangelical. The theology of the Brethren is distinguished by a subordination of the metaphysical to the devotional, and centres upon the personal contact of the believer's soul with Christ, from which contact flows the mighty stream of love and good works in the Moravian Church. The Brethren's Unity is founded upon the recognition of the supremacy of Christian love and the Christian life, a life "hid with Christ in God." Hence the Unitas is peculiarly free from theological contentions both within and without its pale, — the fullness of love banishes the multitude of controversies.

The system of exclusive communities which Zinzendorf introduced into the Unitas is still kept up on the continent of Europe, and to some extent in Great Britain, but has been wholly abandoned in the United States, being less adapted to the circumstances of our own country. These communities, in Europe, combine some of the best features of monasticism with social and family life, and intercourse with the surrounding but not commingling world.

The indirect influence of Moravianism upon the world has been, perhaps, even more powerful than the direct; that upon the founders of Methodism is well known and acknowledged; while, in Germany, Schleiermacher derived much of his inspiration from his Moravian education.†

* Bands into which all communicants and children in most Moravian communities and churches are distributed. The "choirs" gave rise to the Methodist "classes."

† See *The Life of Schleiermacher* as unfolded in his *Autobiography and Letters*. Translated from the German by Frederica Rowan. London: Smith, Elder & Co. A book of rare interest, containing, or rather consisting almost wholly of letters, full of noble beauty of sentiment, and race and felicity of expression.

The hymns of the Brethren (so often imitated by Charles Wesley) are widely celebrated. The Moravians possess, also, a considerable theological and historical literature; and the Czechs of the ancient Unitas, who also produced various theological works, are said by Bost to have been "the first people in Europe who printed a Bible in the language of their own country."

The Moravian Church, although democratic in its simplicity of life, has, from its foundation in the fifteenth century, contained a considerable infusion of noble and gentle blood. There were many noblemen in the ancient Unitas, and among the founders of the Renewed Unitas, were Counts Zinzendorf and Reuss, and Baron Watteville.

GREATNESS.

I DO not ask for greatness but I fain
Would order all my life in such a way
That everything, if seen, could bear the light —
The strongest light that this world holds to shed.

For what is greatness, if the grieving heart
Is conscious, far within, of sad disgrace,
If which were known, the edifice must fall,
And gain and reputation turn to dust?

Ah, yes! I care for greatness; but I would
A tardier hope might bring a goodlier fruit,
And power, withheld, at length be granted, when
The arm that wields it cannot swerve from right.

B. G. HOSMER.

MOHAMMED.

A MOHAMMEDAN APOLOGIST IN LONDON.

BY WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

ESSAYS ON THE LIFE OF MOHAMMED. By Syed Ahmed Khan Bahador. London. 1871. Vol. I.*

What change is taking place, as to intercommunication of thought, by railways, steamships, and telegraph lines! And what a strange sign of the times is this book! It is a large and very handsome volume. It is the work of a Mohammedan; it is published in London; and it is dated from 21 Mecklenburg Square, in that city, as the residence of the author. Syed Ahmed thanks his friends, for translating his essays; he being himself, as he says, quite incapable of constructing a sentence of English.

There are essays on the laws of evidence, which obtain among the Mohammedans, as to traditions. And they would be interesting reading for an acute lawyer. There are essays on the Mohammedan Theological Literature—on the Birth and Childhood of Mohammed—on the Pedigree of Mohammed—on the Holy Koran—and on the History of the Holy Mecca, including an account of the distinguished part enacted in connection therewith by the ancestors of Mohammed. There is an essay on the Prophecies respecting Mohammed, as contained in both the Old and the New Testament. There is an essay on the question whether Islam has been Beneficial or Injurious to Human Society in General, and to the Mosaic and Christian Dispensations. And there is an essay on the various Religions of the pre-Islamic Arabs, wherein it is inquired, to which of them Islam bears the closest Resemblance, and whether by such affinity Islam is proved

* We published several months ago an article on this same book. But the present article has interested us very much and repeats so little of what was in the former article that we are glad to give it to our readers, trusting that they will not suspect that we are going to turn Mohammedans.—ED.

to be of Divine Origin, or "a Cunningly Devised Fable." Let Syed Ahmed, here, speak for himself. "What then is Islam? It is nothing more nor less than a perfect combination of the revealed principles, doctrines, and dogmas of the Sabeian religion, completed and brought to their entire perfections;—of the religion of Abraham and other Arabian prophets, perfected and completed;—of Judaism in their complete and perfect form,—and of the principle of the unity of God, and those of morality originally inculcated and promulgated by Jesus Christ." This statement is not grammatically made, but it is not, therefore, any the less worthy of notice.

A very curious intervention, this volume is, at this particular time. But there will yet be many another thing like it. And, no doubt, much good will be the result. For, perhaps, if only honestly and in good faith, we at the West, can grasp the hand of an Eastern man, he may feel his heart open, in a way that will amaze him. And if only, we, at the West, are willing to hear him talk, like an honest fellow-creature trying to explain himself, we may find that there is much to be learned yet, as to the Scriptures. For, indeed theologically, the Bible is not the book for a lazy man any more than it is for a narrow-minded bigot.

The Bible was written by Eastern people in an Eastern climate, and with phrases, and allusions, and feelings, and a general understanding, often quite foreign and unintelligible to Celts, Teutons, Saxons, Slaves, and the multiplex variety of their descendants. And though an accomplished theologian, at the present day, may have learned much, Orientally, of what a century ago, was unknown, there is probably not a little, yet, to be got at. But whatever else may happen through intercourse with the primitive wisdom of the East, the doctrinal materialism of the West will get nothing but reproof and confusion. Protestant deacons and bishops, and superintendents, and ministers, and even divines have generally believed in Revelation, as though it had been proved, in spite of their will and expectation. But among the Arabs, belief in the credibility of revelation is as simple and natural,

as it is, as to the truthfulness of algebra, or the reliability of a pedigree. The philosophy of revelation is a subject, as to which there is much to hear of, from the East.

As to the misrepresentations of some Christian writers, Syed Ahmed's tone is both amusing and amazing. He is quite right in his complaints; but he is also ludicrous, when he talks, as though no Englishman had ever suffered from Mohammedan bigotry. As to the corruptions of Christianity, the writer shows himself, not at all ignorant: and he would have us believe that such Christians as Mohammed knew were utterly unworthy of their name. And so they were, no doubt!

Syed Ahmed, on some points, is like a man who would fight a sea of knowledge, by examining a pint of salt water. What he says best, is what he says incidentally, or in essays, originally written perhaps for his fellow-Mohammedans. But for people, whose business it should be to listen to him, he is well worth hearing.

He holds stoutly that the books of the Bible are Unitarian. And yet he takes credit, as though no Christians could ever have read their Bibles aright, but for Islam. And as though it was the war-cry of turbaned hosts, that woke up the intellect of the Socini, and Servetus, and Jane Boucher! "It is to the eternal glory of Islam, that it re-established the worship of the Unity of the Godhead, and revived that pure religion inculcated and promulgated by Christ himself: it constantly warned the then called Christians of their errors, and invited them to accept a pure religion,—a religion preached by Christ. Many Christians whose eyes were opened by the loved watchword of Islam, perceived the degraded state into which they had been plunged, and thenceforward strove to recover their former position in the scale of the religions,—in general, of the world. This class of men is now distinguished by the proud appellation of Unitarian Christians." The following words are good, but verbally and ecclesiastically, in all probability, they were more true than even Mohammed himself thought. "When this passage was revealed, Adee Ben Hatim, a new convert to

Islam, said, 'O prophet of the Lord, we did not use to worship the Pope as our God.' Whereupon the prophet replied, 'Had he not the power to pronounce to be lawful that which was unlawful according to religion, and *vice versa*? And did you not put faith in his words, as in the words of God?' And he replied, 'Verily, O messenger of the Lord—that we used to do.' The prophet rejoined, 'This is to take others for Lords (Popes) besides God.' For a time this wholesome truth was looked upon by Christians with impatience and hatred; but as truth never fails, at the last, to impress itself upon the minds of men, it gradually engrafted itself upon that of Luther."

The word, "bigotry," has been in use, so long, that a synonym for it may be grateful to some persons; and Syed Ahmed gives it. He writes, subject to a translator, that there is "a want or a deficiency, on the part of a Mohammedan, which is called Takleed (a blind belief in the opinions of others) and which, when exhibited in that of foreigners, is known by the name of partiality, bias, prejudice, or bigotry."

As to plurality of wives, he has something to say, as he thinks reasonably; though his Oriental state of mind, as to the female sex, would probably not be agreeable to Western ladies. He argues the matter, as though Christians were absolutely ignorant as to Mohammedan life. And when he thinks that he is reasonable on the subject, he is apparently in utter ignorance of the laws of nature, and of the reasonableness of Paul's wish, that every man might have a wife of his own.

Some of his statements and sentiments, as to Mohammed, are very interesting, as helps towards identifying him as a man, and apparently, as a man living void of pretence, and as simply as any other Koreish of his tribe. Sometime and soon, the world will have, through Arabic writings, what will be like a photograph of Mohammed, as he stood, with people about him, regarding him as a prophet. And it will be a great good thing, as a study in psychology.

Even now in France, because of the connection with Algiers, there are quotations from Arabic writers extant, as

to Mohammed, which are very curious and significant. The Catholic Church would have a philosophy about them ; while Protestants generally could only confront them in a brutal, bull-headed fashion—eyes shut, and horns down. Before there can be a right understanding as to the claims of a true prophet, there must be a clear perception of the manner, in which a man might become a “false prophet,” that is be the actual prophet of a false mission.

Beyond any other people, in the world, the Arabs are strong as to genealogy and family traditions. And probably, very soon, there will be a passion, for exploring the history of the Arabs, like what has obtained recently, as to the Norsemen. And the ideal Norseman, to-day, any competent person, can realize, as to his mind, better than he can some one of his nearest neighbors, with his complexity of interests and muddle of thought.

Some time or other, there will be a study, of what may be called comparative spirituality, and as to how it may have happened, and by what predispositions, constitutionally, geographically, and historically, people, with their eyes open, should not all have seen the same things, to the same effect. And that will be a study, with which, the best men with their souls open Godwards, will feel that so much of our sectarianism has been but the grinding of chaff.

There are points, ecclesiastically, as to which Mohammedan misbelievers could put American pew-holders to shame—utmost shame. And nations of Sanscrit affinity, notwithstanding the manner in which, they have been distanced by their cousins, at the West, as regards natural science, are yet capable of adducing by tradition, and even perhaps from a living philosophy, what would make mere moonshine of some of our popular lights as to the Human Understanding.

Belief as to Mohammed, and free-thinking among his immediate followers, would be a good study as training, for a young lawyer ; and it would be for a student in theology, invaluable. The sentences of Omar have, long, been extant in English ; though it is curious, how little interest there has ever been about them.

"Every one members one of another," — those marvellous words of St. Paul are being verified every day so fully, as to the membership of nations. And the words of the prophecy are being so wonderfully fulfilled, all round the world, — "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

What hundreds of millions of human beings have had their minds shaped by the Koran! And what thousands read it, every day, and all day long, with a zeal, that is more than Western! It is held, as a certainty, among his believers, that Mohammed was unable to write. The unlettered prophet, he is called. Ayesha thus describes the manner, in which the revelations were made to the prophet. "Verily," says she, "Harith bin Hisham asked Mohammed, 'How did the instructions come to you?' The prophet replied, 'Sometimes like the sound of a bell—a kind of communication which was very severe for me: and when the sounds ceased I found myself aware of the instructions. And sometimes the angel would come in the form of a man, and converse with me, and all his words I remembered.'" Ayesha was the prophet's favorite wife; and that is what she heard him say. Abdoolah Bini Masood is said to have learned by heart, from the prophet himself, more than seventy chapters of the Koran. And according to tradition, shortly after Mohammed had died, in the battle of Yenana, among the persons killed, there were seventy who had committed the whole of the Koran to memory.

Such a faculty as the Arabs have always had for tradition! And as concerns Mohammed it is often very interesting. Ibn Omar makes Mohammed say, "Verily hearts take rust, like iron when water gets to it." It was asked, "O messenger of God! what purifies and cleanses a sullied heart?" He answered, "Remembering death constantly and repeating the Koran."

Abdoolah Bini Masood says, "The prophet addressed me when he was in the pulpit, saying, 'Read some portion of the Koran to me.' I replied, 'Shall I read the Koran to thee, seeing that it has been sent to thee? (i.e., thou art the most

worthy to recite the Koran).' He said, 'I like to hear it from others.' Then I read the chapter entitled, 'Woman,' till I came to this section, 'Then what shall be the condition of infidels, when I bring a witness from each tribe against itself, and shall bring thee, O Mohammed! as witness against these people?' Then the prophet said, 'This is enough for thee now.' Then I moved my face towards the prophet, and saw his eyes shedding tears."

A LIVING CHURCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

A LIVING church must engage in every Christian work and persevere in it through encouraging and discouraging times. It is made up of believing souls living in Christ by cherishing his affections and doing his work. It must perform the functions of a Christian church in the community, training up souls in all Christ-like dispositions and virtues, preparing them by lives of fidelity here for the great life hereafter, or it has no right to exist. Numbers do not make a Christian church. Wealth and respectability do not make a Christian church. Neither does poverty, or worldly industry, or the habit of attending public worship. There must be faith as the central and vital principle. Where there is most faith, there is the mightiest power. Even an unbelieving philosopher, one of the ablest writers of our day (J. S. Mill), has asserted this. "On the day," he says, "when the proto-martyr was stoned to death at Jerusalem, while he who was to be the Apostle of the Gentiles stood by 'consenting to his death,' would any one have supposed that the party of that stoned man were then and there the strongest power in society? And has not the event proved that they were so? Because theirs was the most powerful of then existing beliefs. The same element made a monk of Wittenberg, at the meet-

ing of the Diet of Worms, a more powerful social force, than the Emperor Charles V. and all the princes there assembled."

We need faith. It is the mightiest power on earth. It makes us co-workers with God. It puts us on the side of the grandest ideas that have ever enlarged the conceptions and thrilled the hearts of men. It unites us in Christ as the branches in the vine. It gives us an object for which to live. In the church, in the Sunday school, at home, by the way-side, in the houses of the rich and the dwellings of the poor, it has a gospel to preach, offices of charity to perform, souls to win, and souls to train for the kingdom of heaven. How many among us are suffering and pining away for the want of just this work,—some of us because we will not do it, and others because it is not done for them.

We see around us these two classes confronting one another,—poor children pining away and perishing because there is no one to lend them a helping hand,—no one to lead them in the way of life, no one to care for their souls, to encourage and help them, poor children—not all of them living in poor men's houses, or themselves thought to be poor—pinning away for want of the bread of life, and near them others fitted to be teachers and guides and benefactors to them pining away—the light of God's love burning dimly in their breasts—uneasy and unhappy for want of just such occupation as is needed to save the souls of those around them,—those perishing for want of spiritual food, and these perishing for want of the exercise to their spiritual natures which they would gain by furnishing the food.

It would seem as if there were a dreadful mistake somewhere. We cannot have a church of Christ till every member, each one in his own way, shall seek to remedy the evil, by performing, each one in his own way, the work which has been given him to do. We would appeal to every member of a Christian society; but especially to those who are still young. Is there not here a field open to you? Only let every one of us feel that something must be done, that God has not placed us here without a work of love to do, without an influence of some sort to be exercised by us for the good of others.

FATHER TAYLOR.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have read with great interest the memoir of Father Taylor which has been prepared by his son-in-law, Judge Russel, and the Rev. Gilbert Haven. As the best recommendation we can give to the book, and the best entertainment we can offer to our readers, we propose to give copious extracts from it.

Edward T. Taylor was born in Richmond, Va., and brought up for a little while on a place near the city by a lady to whom he had been given in charge.

"One day when he was about seven years old, he was picking up chips for his foster-mother, when a sea-captain passed by, and asked him if he did not wish to be a sailor. He jumped at the offer, never finished picking up his chips, nor returned into the house to bid his friends 'good-by,' but gave himself to the stranger without fear or thought.

"Thus began a life which continued for ten years, through every variety of that stormy experience. He seldom spoke of this period of his life, and hardly a memory of it remains. It was a blank."

When about seventeen years old Taylor came to Boston, and at a Methodist meeting in Bromfield Street, under the weighty preaching of Mr. Hedding, afterwards a bishop in the Methodist Church, he was converted. Father Taylor is described as speaking thus at a funeral service in 1852, commemorative of Bishop Hedding:—

"The peroration was a masterpiece of the grand, the original, the touching, and sublime. In Bishop Hedding, he had lost a father,—the only father he ever knew, since at an early day he was left an orphan, and now was unable to find the grave of either father or mother. He came into Boston a little sailor-boy, about forty years ago, and sought a place of worship. He wandered into Dr. Griffin's church, and heard him a while; then, while passing down the street, he heard the sound of a voice, coming from a church crowded with enchained auditors. He entered the porch,

and stood hearing. The preacher went on ; and, at last, the sailor-boy became so interested, that he walked clear up the aisle, so that he could see the preacher nearer. He stood till he found himself all riddled through and through by the man of God, and then he fell to the floor, weeping. That preacher was Hedding, and from that hour he had been his father.

"But now his father had gone. Mr. Taylor here grew unusually pathetic, in dwelling upon the glorious exit of Hedding, and on the spirit-home to which he had gone. It was good enough for a bishop to die, shouting "Glory, glory!" and in the smoke ascend to heaven. He invoked the presence of the departed patriarch, and prayed that the ministry of his spirit might be near. He believed that all the retinue of heaven would not prevent that sainted spirit from often coming down to mingle with those beloved brethren whom he had left laboring below. It was a thought full of rapture and joy. Here the whole audience seemed deeply moved in sympathy, as though actually realizing the animating presence of celestial spirits, hovering around on missions of divine good. It was a scene of surpassing delight ; and, none entertaining faith in a rational Christian philosophy, would have failed being elevated with the gladsome theme of immortality. Each soul seemed to leap with joy at the presentation of immortal life ; and the spiritual, affectional elements of the heart expanded with the solemn and serene hope of soon joining the innumerable throng of heavenly witnesses, hovering over this stormy pathway of the world, whispering of a world where the ransomed of the Lord shall clasp hands with palms of victory, and lift the everlasting song."

In the war of 1812, he was taken prisoner and carried to Halifax, where he and his associates were obliged to hear prayers and preaching by an English chaplain. His companions soon insisted on his preaching. "Preach," he said, "impossible. He could not read : how could he preach?"

"Sitting down with one of his shipmates, he asked him to read passages from the Bible. As he read, Taylor listened, with ear attent for a word that would suggest a sermon. He was a prisoner, and felt it ; a patriot, and felt it ; a Christian, and felt it. The fellow prisoner and patriot, possibly fellow-Christian also, opened and read from the Ecclesiastes. He struck on this passage, 'A poor and a wise child better is than an old and foolish king.'

"‘Stop!’ cried Taylor; ‘read that again.’

"It was read again.

"‘That will do!’ he exclaims. ‘Give me the chapter and verse.’

"Chapter and verse were given, and the young man sat brooding his sermon. The hour came and the audience,—not the regular hour, for that would have brought the regular preacher,—but an extemporaneous occasion, a sort of trial-meeting, as well as trial-sermon. The youth began, blundering and tangled, but with the root of the matter in him; which root speedily burst forth into rich blossoms and fruit. As he rushed on the river of his speech, and described the old and foolish king, with burning words of sarcasm and illustration, they all trembled for themselves and their youthful preacher: for his Boston-Richmond blood was up. The king their fathers had fought for eight weary years, from whom they had wrested their independence, was then, though an idiot, ‘old and foolish,’ waging war against the sons of their fathers, and holding him and his associates fast in his cruel chains. He blazed in similes, describing such a character. He fired broadside after broadside of wit and madness into the sinking craft. Seeing the peril in which his epithets were placing him, he cried out,—

"‘You think I mean King George: I don’t, I mean the Devil.’

"This hit was worse than all that preceded it, and set him down at once for being as adroit as he was bold, as capable of firing Parthian arrows as advancing shots. The officers could have found no fault with such a retreat, and the prisoners exulted in its tact and point. He was instantly voted their chaplain; and a note was sent to the commandant petitioning for the privilege of having their own praying and preaching done by their fellow-captive. It was granted.

"Thus he began his life-work among his own brothers of the sea, in the hold of a prison-vessel, himself a prisoner."

For four or five years after the peace he went about New England as a peddler,—sometimes working on a farm. In this occupation, he is thus described by a brother minister:—

"My first introduction to him occurred in the public highway, in the town of Vershire, Vt., in 1814. One Saturday, just before dark, as I was riding along to meet my engagement to preach in that town the next day, I met two young men in a wagon. One of them saluted me with the following question: ‘Aren’t you one of the

servants of the Most High God?' I replied, 'I try to preach the gospel.' He then introduced himself and companion, whose name was Wine, I think, and stated that they were two 'Methodist boys, up here in the country, trying to sell a few knick-knacks from the store in Boston.' I pointed out to them the house of a friend where I thought they could get kept till Monday, and invited them to attend church the next day.

"They were at church on Sunday; and, after I had closed my sermon, I invited Brother Taylor to speak. He complied, as he did with my invitation to speak after the second sermon. His addresses were characterized by great power of thought and expression, but clothed in homely and illiterate language. The people had no difficulty then, as they had none in after years, in understanding him. He made the fire fly. He and his companion sang and shouted; the people shouted; and one person, overcome by the excitement, fell to the floor."

He went to school a little while in Newmarket, N.H., but could not endure the confinement long. And soon after he was preaching in Marblehead and Lynn. We can only give fragmentary glimpses of his powers as a preacher and a man.

"Perhaps no reported sentence is better than one with which he closed his description of a young man coming from the country full of good resolutions, stored with good lessons, and falling into one temptation after another, till he had become a degraded castaway. When he seemed to have reached the lowest depth of horror, he added these words, that thrilled the marrow of the bones: 'Hush! shut the windows of Heaven. He's cursing his mother!'

"His manner no words can describe. Sometimes the expression of his face took the place, not only of gestures, but of words. Thus after the death of Daniel Webster, he said, 'Once, when the storm gathered, and the ship bowed under the fury of the wind, we looked toward the helm, and we saw Webster there. "All right, turn in: we can sleep in peace." Now there are mutterings in the air, a war-cloud across the sea: we turn out, we look'—an expression of blank dismay completed the unfinished sentence, and the church seemed to grow dark with the orator's despair.

"Once, when Jenny Lind attended services at the Bethel, Father Taylor, who did not know that she was present, was requested, as

he entered the house, to preach on amusements. The church was crowded, and the pulpit and stairs were filled. The sermon opposed dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, but approved of music. The preacher paid a glowing tribute to the power of song, and to the goodness, modesty, and charity of the sweetest of all singers, 'now lighted on these shores.' Jenny Lind was leaning forward, and clapping her hands with delight, when a tall person rose on the pulpit stairs, and inquired whether any one who died at one of Miss Lind's concerts would go to heaven. Disgust and contempt swept across Father Taylor's face, as he glared at the interloper. 'A Christian will go to heaven wherever he dies; and a fool will be a fool wherever he is, — even if he is on the steps of the pulpit.'

"Commencing service once with the reading of the one hundred and twenty-second Psalm, 'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord,' he stopped and added, 'So was I, David.'"

"When an evangelical clergyman had visited his church from curiosity, and had declined a seat in the pulpit because it had been once occupied by Rev. Henry Ware, he fell on his knees, and made this brief prayer: 'O Lord! there are two things that we want to be delivered from in Boston, — one is bad rum, and the other is religious bigotry. Which is worse, thou knowest, and I don't. Amen.'"

"He once asked a casual visitor how far apart he supposed heaven and hell to be. The reply was some commonplace about the great gulf between them. 'I tell you,' said he, 'they are so near, that myriads of souls to-day don't know which they are in.'"

"Preaching once on over-nice distinctions in theology, he said, 'There are persons who think they have all the truth, when they are themselves a skeleton of poverty. They have only the stem-end of a cucumber, too bitter for sensible persons to eat, and by them thrown away.'

"In the same discourse he said, 'Some people think they are saints. If they could see themselves as the just in glory see them, they wouldn't dare to look a decent devil in the face.'

"Soon after he commenced his sermon on a very hot day, two or three of the landmen got up and went out. He paused, folded his arms, and said, 'If any others wish to go out, let them go now, while I wait a moment.' No one went, and he resumed his sermon. About ten minutes after, a sailor rose up with his

jacket on his arm (the most of the sailors were sitting in their shirt-sleeves) and said, 'Please, sir, I must go now; I wanted to stay as long as I could; my ship is all ready for sea, and I must be on board at the hour.' Father Taylor, with the elbow of his right arm resting in the palm of his left hand, with his finger on his lip, said, as the sailor turned to leave the house, 'That's right, my son! you have done just right: you are the man for me, you are a minute-man. Go, and the God of the sea go with you.' And he continued his preaching with redoubled power. And, at the close, such a prayer was made for that sailor and that ship, and all sailors and all ships, that it seemed as if it would convert the abundance of the sea to God — and it will yet."

His evening prayer-meetings are thus described:—

"In such meetings Father Taylor would naturally revel. He had preached his two sermons, wringing himself dry with a change of linen; he was nervous, rejoicing to run a race, and, though tired, ready for a change in his work, and glad to throw off even the limited restraints of his pulpit for the broad liberty of the prayer-meeting. It was his professional easy-chair, and from it went forth ceaseless pleading, wit, and power. The room is crowded. It is low, but large. Sailors are there; lost girls from its own neighborhood come, as he tells them, 'to steal away his sons of Zebulon;' lost men, up-town grandees, many yet unfallen youth, and his own 'ring' of men and women, full of heart and hope.

"He walks his broader deck with glad heart and free. He interjects his word of criticism or commendation with every speech of his brethren and sisters as his spirit dictates. He warms into exhortation and entreaty, and brings many a strange Caliban from the back seats to 'the altar,' by his skilful fishing for men. Here he builds up his church, and gains most of his trophies of ministerial honor and reward.

"A prayer-meeting in the Bethel vestry, or, as it was called, 'the old work-shop,' was unlike, therefore, any other prayer-meeting even; for there were gathered men from all parts of the world, drawn, some by curiosity, some by associations, some by grateful recollections of the past. Many would speak at these meetings whose broken English and uncouth phrases showed their foreign birth and rough training. No one who heard will ever forget the native of Portugal who exclaimed, "If any man say I no love the Lord Jesus, I hit him 'tween the eyes." But more frequently the broken

speech of these wayfaring men was used to tell a story of sorrow and suffering, ending with a chance visit to the Bethel, where the wanderer found a hope, a faith, and a Friend, that had never left him on sea or land. Father Taylor would glow with pride over these trophies, weep with joy, and break out in exclamations of delight: 'See,' he would say, 'see the sailor that is thrown on the shore; look at the pearls that come from the ocean, — jewels fit to adorn the Saviour's diadem when he shall *ride over the sea* to judge the earth.'

"There were gathered around him a body of men and women almost as remarkable as himself. First among them was his wife, whose stately form and beautiful features, with her sweet voice, added grace to her powerful exhortations. Many a sailor boasts that he owes his renewed life to 'Mother Taylor's' influence."

"One of his most remarkable displays of this kind was after an address by a visitor who related the death of a very wicked man, a hardened sinner, who was blown up a few days before in one of his own powder-mills at Wilmington: he came down all crushed and mangled, and gave his heart to God; and now who would not say with the holy man of old, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his'? Father Taylor rose at once: 'I don't want any such trash brought unto this altar. 'I hope none of my people calculate on serving the Devil all their lives, and cheating him with their dying breath. Don't look forward to honoring God by giving him the last snuff of an expiring candle. Perhaps *you will never be blown up in a powder-mill*. That "holy man,"' he continued, 'that we have heard spoken of, was Balaam, the meanest scoundrel mentioned in the Old Testament or the New. And now I hope we never shall hear anything more from Balaam, *nor from his ass*.'"

"A touching scene once occurred when Father Taylor was speaking on the necessity of the wedding-garment. A poor sailor who wore a flannel shirt started up to apologize for appearing in such rough costume, and said he had lost all his clothes by shipwreck. Instantly a score of sailors stripped off their coats for the stranger; while Father Taylor, with tears running down his cheeks, hurried from the altar, to throw his arms around the poor fellow, and to apologize for seeming insult to his misfortune."

"A Christian going to law is out of his place: he is coming down to the level of the world. Suppose you were going along the streets where a jackass was hitched to a post, and he should up foot and kick you, then would you up and kick him?"

"No man shall make a creed for me ; and I am sure I do not wish to make a creed for any one. A common danger gives men a common creed.

"A few days since, one of the brethren just returned from sea told me a story that will explain what I mean by a common danger giving men a common creed, or, if you like the phrase better, a common religion. He was one of the crew of a large ship, bound from Liverpool for New York, with over four hundred souls on board, mostly steerage passengers. Half-passage out, she was beset by a hurricane, which blew all her sails from the bolt-ropes : the sea swept away her boats, bulwarks, and everything movable from her decks ; and, to add to the horror of those on board, when the storm moderated, she caught fire below.

"All work ceased : the captain called the crew and passengers together, and told them that it was hardly possible for the ship to continue afloat another day, — for she was leaky as well as on fire : he therefore thought it right that they should all unite in prayer ; and he advised every one to pray for himself, in his own way. As if moved by a common impulse, they prostrated themselves on the deck without uttering a word. Now, what do you think they prayed for ? A little more Methodism, a little more Catholicism, a little more Presbyterianism, a little more Unitarianism, Universalism, or any other *ism* ? No, no, brethren. A common danger had given them a common religion. Every soul communed with the same God. When they rose from the deck, a young sailor bounded aloft ; and, when he reached the royal mast-head, shouted with all his might, 'Sail ho ! steering in our wake.' In a moment the ship was hove to, after which the sailors swarmed up the rigging to see for themselves.

"Now, wait a minute, shipmates, and I will show you how these poor souls, who but a few minutes before were all praying to a common Father, now began to differ ; to make *creeds* according to their range of vision. Only one small square sail could be seen above the horizon ; but the vessel was end on, and from this the sailors began to reason whether the craft to which it belonged was a ship, a bark, or a brig. And this controversy continued until she was hull out with studding sails set on both sides. The signal of distress had been seen ; and, as if by magic, she was clothed with all drawing sail. Now, what mattered it whether she was a ship, a bark, or a brig ? She was a saviour. Was not that enough ?"

"Blessed Jesus, give us common sense, and let no man put blinkers on us, that we can only see in a certain direction ; for we want

to look all around the horizon, — yea, to the highest heavens and to the lowest depths of the ocean.

“But to return to the saved: they had a good creed. They prayed a sincere prayer to a common Father and he sent them a common salvation. Oh, how their hearts must have bounded with gratitude when they found themselves safely on the deck of the hospitable frigate! In this case some four hundred souls had passed through one of the most appalling experiences of life, without any other creed than trust in God. The friendly frigate remained by the wreck, and saved all their effects; and then poured a concentrated broadside into her between wind and water, that her burning wreck might not draw ships out of their course. She exploded into fragments, rolled from side to side, and disappeared, leaving the wreck of her spars and upper works a shapeless mass on the surface. The frigate landed her precious freight in safety at Cork, whence they finally found their way to their respective destinations. Did creeds give those rescued souls consolation in their hour of extreme peril? No: But the Word of God did; and that is my creed. I hold to the Bible, the whole Bible, as my creed, because it never grows old or needs repatching.”

Perhaps the finest thing Father Taylor ever said was when, pleading for poor, worn-out ministers, he said, “They are like camels bearing precious spices and browsing on bitter herbs.”

In his pathos he was overpowering. His sermon at the funeral of a young minister greatly beloved, who had been long an invalid, is thus described by a brother minister: —

“‘I thought Providence had lost Father Taylor for the first half-hour,’ said one of the ministers sitting in the pulpit to his friend. But he did not think this in the second or in the third half-hour. He struck a ‘level’ of pure, golden sentiment, and never lost it until he closed his address, himself bathed in tears, and transfigured with his theme, and ministers and people fairly sobbing aloud in the pulpit and throughout the house.

“‘God did not wish the dear little man to preach,’ he said. ‘He wanted him in heaven; but Downing was so anxious to do some service for his Lord, that his request was granted. When his first year closed, he would have been taken at once to heaven; but you were so importunate to have him come back, that God indulged you for a little while. You had no right to expect he would remain with you. He preached every sermon, as you saw, *with his wind-sheet upon his arm.*’ Then he turned upon his ministerial breth-

ren, and poured upon them, including himself in their number, a tide of overwhelming remonstrance for their little service as compared with this frail invalid preacher. He lingered, half-dying, out of heaven to preach when the Master yearned to receive him to his reward, while strong, active men, with robust health and the widest opportunities, entered with a hesitating step upon their work. Finally, seizing the word that was pinned upon the shroud of the departed servant of God, he made such an exhortation to the congregation to *repent* as they had never before listened to, and have not heard repeated since. Everybody's eyes were inflamed; but no one said to his friend, 'Why weepest thou?'"

"Thus Rev. Dr. J. W. Merrill describes his melting a murderer into penitence: 'When I was stationed at East Cambridge, being then chaplain of the penitentiary and jail there, I learned that one of the prisoners, soon to be executed, had formerly been an attendant on Father Taylor's preaching and prayer-meetings. He thought he had experienced religion; but embracing the idea of our Lord's second advent in 1843, and being disappointed, he finally lost his religious feelings, and fell into the awful crime of murder. I obtained his leave, after some hesitation, to invite the venerable man over from Boston to see him. I did so: but Father Taylor, eyeing me sharply and with emotion, answered, 'No: I have had one such case, and I will never attend another!' But I suggested, should God so bless the effort as to cause the wretched man to repent and be saved, it would set up forever in heaven a monument of the power of divine grace to save the chief of sinners, and bring new glory to the Son of God. He paused in silence for a moment, and it was but for a moment, as he was pacing his parlor. Then, with deep and plaintive tenderness, he said, 'You have conquered me: I will go.' The time was set, and he came to my house. We went down to the jail together. On opening the door of the cell, Father Taylor fixed his eyes upon the prisoner for a whole minute or more, the prisoner meanwhile staring at him, when he commenced in a subdued, melting tone of voice, 'I did not know it was you, my son! I did not know it was you! I heard of the awful murder; but I did not know it was you who committed it, my son!' And he rushed to him, threw his arms around his neck, hugging him to his breast with great emotion, and continued saying, 'O my son, my son! I did not know it was you. I am glad you are here: God has got you now. He has put you here to save you. Had he not got you here, you would have been damned. He has got you here to save you. You had better be saved and go

to heaven, by these stone walls and the halter, than to go to hell on a bed of roses, my son!' and the tears fell down his furrowed cheeks. The miserable man broke down, and melted into convulsive weeping."

"This same fulness of soul revealed itself, in like warmth of love and tenderness, in his sacramental services. No one who has ever heard him can forget his exceeding richness of imagery and feeling at the baptism of babes. No one ever copied his Saviour more closely in taking them up in his arms, putting his hands on them, and blessing them. He delighted to preach a little anti-Calvinism over this service, and, holding out the smiling babe, would exclaim, 'Is this a child of the Devil? God never created such lovely beings to be damned by a fixed decree.' He would then fold them to his bosom, kiss them tenderly, and return them to their mothers."

"Rev. Dr. Wertworth thus narrates a most powerful scene of this kind, which occurred at Eastham camp-meeting, and which many ministers talk about to this day: 'In 1851 I met with Taylor at the Eastham camp-meeting. I was to preach; but just before the sermon Father Taylor was called on to baptize the children of some sailors, and the power with which he conducted the baptismal services was sufficient to put to shame all the rituals of Christendom. His manner on that occasion was attended with storm and lightning, earthquake and volcano. The immense audience swayed in the wealth of his eloquence like a forest of willows or aspens. He was fire and gentleness, invective and sarcasm, wit and sympathy, by turns. We laughed, we wept, we shouted in turns; and finally, finding myself getting utterly unmanned, and rapidly dissolving into tears and brine, I fled the pulpit, and hid myself out of ear-shot of this extraordinary scene, that I might not be utterly unfitted to preach the sermon that was to follow immediately after. Speaking of the objection some preachers had to baptizing the children of unconverted parents, he took a beautiful infant in his arms, and raising it as he raised his voice, with an inimitable gesture, he exclaimed, with volcanic vehemence, "Why, if the old Devil himself would bring me a child to baptize, I would baptize it, and say, Devil, go to your own place! Angels take the baby!"'"

Here are two scenes in his own home given by his daughter:

"We children soon learned that to distrust him was to make him a tyrant; but to express utter and unlimited confidence made him our slave. Nothing was too much trouble for him. We could not be too exacting, if we only *believed* in him. One day he came in with a

triumphant gleam on his face, and one hand hidden behind him. 'What is it, father?' I said, preparing to follow up stairs, for he delighted in wonderful little surprises for us. 'Stay there till I call you, daughter,' was the answer. It seemed such a long time to wait, that I slowly mounted, step by step, until I thought father *must* be ready, and I would just peep in and see. I caught him fastening a paper-bag between the folding-doors; and, as he turned and discovered my disobedience, his frown was fearful. 'Go out,' he thundered; and I felt as if banished forever. Soon we were called, and I crept in, dreading my deserved reproof. Not a word was said; but a cane was given each of us, with which we were to strike one blow every time we marched under the bag, until it was broken.

"Then came a shower of red and white candies, which we scrambled for,—father with us, of course. But I was not happy; for he looked at me as if I had disappointed him, until I mustered up courage to say, 'Was it *very* bad just to come up stairs and look in a little bit?'

"'It was not only looking in a little bit,' he said: 'that was a very small part of it. Your poor father thought he would surprise his little girls and make them so happy; and then, when he was almost ready, one little girl would not wait, and spoiled all her father's pleasure, and worse than that, made him vexed, so that he called out angrily,—and his little girls know that it breaks his heart to scold them. And oh! if that little girl had only *believed* that her father wanted to please her and hadn't forgotten her a moment! But,' he added, as I began to sob, bending on me one of his rare, sweet, unfathomable smiles, 'it is all over now: you are only a little child, and we are all great ones; and none of us have faith enough in our Father.'

"His reckless generosity was so boundless that, if it had not been for mother's constant watchfulness, we should not have had bread to eat from day to day. Once, at the beginning of the year, he was sent out with a bank-note of fifty dollars to pay a bill, which he was to bring back receipted. In due time he returned, but with such an expression of anxiety, and such an evident desire to escape observation, that I was convinced he had been 'naughty.' 'Where's the bill, father?' said mother. 'Here, my dear?' The pucker in his forehead became so tremendous, that the truth flashed upon me at once; and I was fully prepared for mother's astonished cry of 'It isn't receipted. *Father, you've given away the money.*' I held him so tightly that he couldn't run; so at last he stammered, 'Well, wife, just 'round the corner I met a poor brother, a superannuated brother, and—and'—with a tone of conviction calculated to prove

to us all the utter impropriety of his doing anything else, — '*and, of course, my dear, I couldn't ask him to change it!*'

"Are you dreaming, father?' I said one day, when he was leaning back in his chair, with closed eyes, and a happy smile playing about his mouth.

"I am in heaven a little way,' he answered, without moving.

"And what *is* heaven, really?' I asked, climbing upon his knees.

"It is loving God,' he replied, still with the same soft, dreamy tone.

"And did you *always* love him,' I persisted; and did you always preach!'

"Yes,' he said; 'I don't remember the time when I did not love him, and I think I did always preach; for when I was a very little boy I used to kill chickens, so that I might make funeral sermons; and when there were no more chickens or birds, I dug them up, and buried them over again. I was very proud and happy, when I could make the boys cry by my sermons; but, if words would not do, then I whipped them a little for I had to have mourners.'

"People cry now, all themselves, father: what's that for?'

"Because they begin to realize how their Father loves them, and they feel that they love him, and mean to more; and a little bit of heaven comes to them, and that is what your father likes to preach for."

His idea of heaven is thus given:—

"Mr. Waterston, father of Rev. Dr. Waterston, met him about a year before he died, both very old. Father Taylor, in his usual ardent way, caught and embraced him, saying, 'I am as glad to see you as I should be to see St. Paul!' — 'Ah!' replied Mr. Waterston, 'we must go to heaven if we would see St. Paul.' — 'Wherever,' replied Father Taylor, with his grandest emphasis of voice and manner, 'wherever the truly good man is, *there is heaven.*'

"Equally keen was his remark to a well-meaning sister who sought to console him in his decline by the stereotyped phrase, 'There's sweet rest in heaven!'

"Go there if you want to,' responds the tart old man.

"But,' persists the consoler, 'think of the angels that will welcome you.'

"What do I want of the angels?' he replies: 'I prefer folks;' and then, with rarest insight, he adds, '*but angels are folks.*'"

We should be glad to quote a great deal more, but must refer our readers to the book itself, which is full of good things.

AUNT BART.

BY W. E. A.

AFTER finishing the previous sketch, I seemed to have done injustice to the subject, by ignoring the better half. It was, thus, but half done, though time and space were wanting to do more. I now propose, in a separate paper, to go back and take up the dropped stitch, or rather to add in the fraction (I do not call it vulgar), which rendered our old friend's happiness complete. I introduce to your acquaintance Madam Gordon, the amiable and honored lady of Uncle Bart.

Madam Gordon, I say; for I can hardly, at this time, feel it right to apply to her the irreverent *soubriquet* in which some of the boys indulged, less impressed than myself with the gentle manners and natural dignity of her deportment. To them she was simply Aunt Bart; a mere matrimonial appendage to her husband. To me she was much more; for, with something droll in ways and speech, there was much to redeem her from ridicule and inspire respect. Let us make a morning call upon her. We must go round to the side door. No bell-wire leads from the front door to the kitchen, and madam is very busy in household affairs, and will pay no attention even to the great brass knocker. I am afraid it is not just the time to call, so early in the morning — Monday morning, too — madam being her own only domestic; but let us see. The entrance is made by a spacious porch, lighted by large single panes of glass, set in an oval opening. After some bruises of the knuckles upon the resounding panel, latches rattle within, quick steps are heard, and the old lady is before us. With suitable apologies, mutual, of course, we are ushered into the kitchen (there is no fire, to-day, in the parlor), and seated by a huge fire-place in which a log or two, of cord-wood length, smoulder; but hot under a huge brass kettle of boiling clothes, rebellious under the great wooden cover. Dinner is apparently going on, in

smaller pots, upon the crane, while a skillet, in the corner, simmers nice Poland starch. It is washing day! Any one else would have been taken at a disadvantage, on such a day, by a visit of ceremony; but a neat order is never sacrificed to temporary convenience. The necessities of the case are admitted; but in vain do you look for anything discreditable to the presiding genius of the place. Volumes of steam roll up from the fire-place and float about the ceiling awhile, are caught in a draft, and are hurried up chimney; but the rows of crockery, tin, and britannia ware shine like silver upon the shelves. Old-fashioned, straight-backed, rush-bottomed chairs, painted pine table, a wooden clock, a clothes-horse on a peg, an elbow-chair or two, with the fire furniture, complete the description of the room.

Aunt Bart has but little time to waste on strangers, — polite enough, but evidently very busy. Picture to yourselves an old lady of seventy-five or eighty years of age, fine-looking, in spite of dishabille; not tall, not large, fair in countenance, and delicate in feature; the eyes black, piercing and brilliant; the nose aquiline, with chin to match, but yet not very sensibly approaching each other; a pleasant smile, opening a small, pretty mouth — no longer graced by her once fine teeth. The dimples of her girlhood remain, and hint at many a conquest before she herself was won by her old beau. The hair, slightly visible under her turban, had been raven-black; now silvery gray. She stoops a little in deference to Father Time; but her vigor is unimpaired. Her arms are bare — she has work to do — the sleeves being gathered into a roll near the shoulder, exposing a white and well-formed limb, terminating in rather delicate, efficient little hands. Her dress is drawn up in a peculiar manner, and pinned about her waist, leaving the black stuff skirt to the risks of her business. Her shoes and stockings are worthy even of her — if otherwise, are scarcely to be noted, as she trots nimbly hither and thither through the house. The door opens into the back kitchen, disclosing black Phillis at the wash-tub. The old lady does the work of her family herself generally. Phillis is the exception, as in other families in Morn-

ington; gravitating through the neighborhood by a kind of law, and completing her orbit in about two weeks, unless especially interrupted by the necessities of her patrons. Long has she revolved in but a narrow sphere, her little bullet head inhabited by the single idea of the laundry; but her heart the home of all good impulses and kind affections, and pure as the linen she "gets up." Her form and face belong to the merest drudge—utterly destitute of all pretensions to intelligence, beauty, or grace: her joints stiff with toil, renewed with the opening week. Her face, jet black, flat in feature, peers out between last week's table-cloth pinned about her neck, and her grizzled hair from her yellow turban, like a mossy rock from a snowbank; and with quite as much expression, if it were not for the small, twinkling, quick-glancing eyes, which seem to light it with intelligence and good nature. Every body knows Phillis well, for just what she is, "a good old soul," a willing, faithful hand at the wash-tub and scrub-brush. She has apparently finished the "wash," having begun some hours before the day broke, by candle-light, and is about to hang a few things upon the bush at the door. The clothes-line, a trapezoidal diagram, implying abstruse mathematical problems, stretched from a corner of the shop to tree, to post, to house, to shed, to shop again, is bending with the results of her industry, propped, at intervals, by crotched poles. There hang all sorts of garments, bearing a likeness, near or more remote, to the human form, taken piecemeal. Behold legless martyr shirts, pendant painfully, at arm's length, by the wristbands, or by the skirts, suffering apoplectic agonies in vain effort to touch ground; drawers, taking off an old gentleman at the waist, and ankles filled plump by wind, kicking frantically at nothing; long stockings, dancing, like amputated limbs, horrible to tell! the double-shuffle, with socks and mittens and comforters and handkerchiefs; sheets, waving in the breeze, with now and then a smart crack at the corners, playing "Pease porridge hot" with night-caps, pillow-cases, and other small gear, scattered at random along the line. On the grass-plot, safe from careless feet or browsing cattle, are spread out to whiten a variety of

those muslins, in which madam appears so neat about the head and neck when expecting company.

Soon after dinner, the great work of the day being done up faithfully, a fire is made in the keeping-room. You would hardly recognize now the unimpeachable old lady in black silk and muslin, seated in a spacious, antique elbow-chair, as a new phase of the busy housewife found half an hour ago in the kitchen. But so it is. Clad in old duds for work, her good looks appeared the crescent moon, obscure in the fogs and smoke of washing day. About dinner-time she became convex-crescent, a little better dressed, in respectful regard to her spouse's presence, expected in due form; and later shines with the serene light of leisure and full dress. Yet even now the ideas are coincident; the person is reposing at ease, in faultless costume and graceful attitude, in the keeping-room, the mind, in chintz and turban, reviews at large the business of the morning, and earns the reward of much toil. Her foot is resting upon a cricket before her, the point of her shoe, in new morocco, scarcely appears beyond the dress. The silver-bowed spectacles rest above the plaited ruffle of her cap, for frequent reference; and at the folds of the muslin over her bust is seen, in red gold and hair work, belonging to a remote age, a brooch, set with very small pearls, and bearing upon the crystal enclosing the hair several gilt letters curiously interlaced.

The whole room is in keeping with the idea of its mistress; arranged to advantage, antique but elegant. A modest carpet covers the floor, graced by a rug of home manufacture, not unknown to the fame of a county cattle-show. About the sides of the room stand large mahogany chairs and sofa, covered with crimson and gold damask, embroidered Chinese figures and scenery. Observe a bureau-desk, the drawers, in swelled front, rich in handles and figured plates of brass, the writing-leaf, opening to a level, shutting into the top at a considerable angle with a perpendicular line; a perfect maze of pigeon-holes and little drawers, for the safe keeping of papers, bank-bills and bits of silver; a few pet gold coins are discoverable on pulling out the prop-boards and opening the

desk. On top, exactly in the centre, flanked by a few books and the great family Bible, in faded baize, stands a shagreen box, filled with knives and forks adorned with handles in imitation of silver, of high cost, long, long ago. Between the windows stands a semi-circular card-table. Over it stands a long, narrow looking-glass upon screws (whose oval heads are inlaid with pictured china), but leaning forward, like a child in leading-strings, upon a cord fastened, out of sight, to the wall. This is a plain parallelogram, gilt on three sides, the top monopolizing all the ornament, consisting of sprigs of laurel, tied in a great bow-knot and long ends of ribbon, carved in wood. In a corner of the room the broad disk of a round table, dark with age and wax, hangs vertically upon a tripod of lion's paws. To match it, by the old lady's chair, supporting her work-basket, appears an oval light-stand, claw-footed and inlaid with high-colored woods upon the top of the leaf. The ancient Scotch clock occupies a nook convenient to view. Here it has been a fixture from time immemorial, its tall, thin form no squatter upon a pre-emption right, but in undisturbed possession scores of years. It is a curiosity in its way. The usual labyrinth of wheels and springs is visible, through a little pane of glass at the side, working out, in darkness or daylight, the four changes of time indicated by the dial. The name of John Carmichael of Greenock, its builder, is here transcribed upon a tripartite scroll, immortal as his work, though the brain and fingers it betokens are dust. Doubtless, melancholy anticipations of his sad but certain fate mingled with and modified the plan and action of his timepiece; guiding the pencil in idea, and the saw, the plane, the file and turning-lathe, all the while in execution. For observe how slowly and solemnly strikes the knell of the hours! The pendulum counts the foot-falls of advancing time; and the whole fabric is convulsed with alarm as the warning finger shows how few moments remain before another hour must die. The restless vicissitudes of human life to its close find expression in the little ship rolling among billows with every tick of the pendulum, far from land. A deeper thought runs through all its outline and details, reit-

erated in the several parts: it is the thought of death. All is modeled by the grave-stone. The great head, at top, is but a conglomerate mass of them, as if to indicate the very grave and burial-place of time. Everything is emblematic; the glass-door, the weight-door, the dial, the lateral panes, even the thick plates of brass which include the clock-work within, though seldom seen, all have this outline, expressing and enforcing this idea. It is, indeed, a perpetual *memento mori*, an unobtrusive monitor. Never, never for a moment silent or reserved; uniting the sympathies of a stranger, in a foreign land, long since passed away, with living, warm, but mortal hearts. On Sunday morning, at the ringing of the first bell for church, Madam Gordon, punctual to the hour, winds up the machine and sets the time. Can we doubt that a soft sigh lifts her aged but warmly sympathetic bosom for her valued but unknown friend at Greenock, mingling with reflections upon her own declining years, and the holy thoughts rung out from the steeple hard by?

On the mantel-piece we find several large, silver-plated candle-sticks, standing among trifles supposed to be ornamental, of which the vase of fruit in painted plaster of Paris and a few handsome shells need only be mentioned. If we except a fire-set in red brass and a fender in yellow, a few inexpensive paintings on glass representing impersonations of the four seasons and a skating scene in Holland, little remains to complete the view of the parlor. I forbear to intrude upon the closet, hinting only at shelves of old china and cut glass, not without a piece or two of silver ware, which a glance might reveal. Another sense insinuates recondite cupboards, betrayed by their fragrant stores in spite of lock and key, but about which it is not quite proper to indulge in speculation.

Mrs. Gordon is at leisure, but not idle. She always has something to do, as the work-basket seems to imply. Several pairs of stockings nestle in it, rolled together ready to be put away in the drawer, their great ugly mouths grinning and yawning under the witchcraft of her darning-needles and her pulling, pinching fingers. There is some mystery about

a roll of grey cloth, the only other tenant of the work-basket. But some new satinet, contrasting a little with the general effect of the whole awakens the suspicion of patch number one or two upon the knees of Uncle Bart's unmentionables, those martyrs to lapstone and stirrup. She is knitting one of those interminable webs of yarn in which the lower extremities of that happy man constantly appear, and which are not to be had for money or love at the shops. Their measure, if at all measurable, never alarms her patience and affection; for, besides that she has reason to feel confident in that inconceivable skill, perseverance, and ingenuity which has accomplished so much for the benefit of her family, so perfect is she in all the mysteries of weaving, shaping, seaming, that peculiar fabric, that it seems as if volition were no longer necessary to the process, the operator being wound up and going on taking up the knitting-needles. This conjecture may account for an air of abstraction often observable in her, when addressed after a silence of some moments. The mind seems to return from an excursion up-stairs, to re-arrange white dimity bed-spread, curtains, and toilet table, or the muslin glass-cover, with a pin or two at the diamond-shaped opening; descends into hades amid rows of soldierly wash-tubs, butter-firkins, vinegar-casks, and cider-barrels, piles of potatoes, beets, carrots and onions, all in their appointed places without danger of fall or bruise; her shrouded lamp from its binnacle "making darkness visible," and herself dependent more upon the inward light of reason than any terrestrial illumination. She gropes ideally to her pork-tub, finds all right, perambulates the labyrinth aforesaid to her milk-closet and cream-room, and serene in domestic peace re-ascends to clearer light, and the leisure and trifles of a vacant hour. Care, like a solemn monkey, climbs upon her cap, inserts his claws just far enough to stir with pleasant interest all her duties, pleasures, and trials, and keeps her busy while she knits, repairs old clothes, or shapes the new. A photograph of childish memory is before me, which Time has not been able to mar or fade with all his art maliciously applied. Intelligent, smart, a little care-worn, ready for any-

thing, from a falling brand showering coals on the painted floor (carpets were not as yet in vogue for keeping-rooms) to a call of ceremony, a wedding, or, alas ! a funeral, a change of expression passes over her features more or less rapidly, with now and then a slight start as she appeals to her spacious pocket to re-assure her memory, or takes a new idea. Uncle Bart, the while, sits by (the shop is locked at dark, till evenings lengthen for an hour of thift), lost in the dreamy smokes which soothe his leisure after daily toil, silent, more than half asleep, scarce conscious of the dear and loving presence of his wife, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." An important era is at hand or very near. Ah, yes ! This is to be the great week of the year ; begun in washing and ironing, continued in pickling and preserving, making soft soap (for clothes, not men), and at last culminating in the making of brine and salting down a year's supply of pork ; tapering down, on Saturday night, to a tale of work, weariness, and woe, which ends in late slumbers on a Sabbath day. In the mean time, no household duty is neglected or deferred. "Many hands make light work" is her unfailing motto ; and pretty girls are glad to serve her for wages and for love, at need.

Puss keeps her company most of the day, when disengaged. She has her regular hours for walking abroad in a fine day, mysteriously disappears into the rain, or fog, or snow, on important business strictly private, returns at her leisure perfectly non-committal. But madam is not deceived. Her bland manners, perfectly *dégagée*, in very wantonness, injuriously rubbing flat with her head the bows of madam's best shoes, leaping into her lap or upon her shoulder, regardless of consequences, as being sure of her ground, and her affected indifference to lunch reveal to her mistress a fullness of satisfaction which implies a feast of fat things, a *magnum* of exquisite satisfaction.

Mrs. Gordon awakes from a solemn, deep reverie of the last hour or two, in which her snuff-box seems to have been endowed with a volition independent of the lady herself, titillating the olfactory nerves, filling her nostrils more than is

quite the best thing for her. A rapid succession of sneezes all-engrossing for the moment, appeals in vain to her *mou-choir* to wipe the sudden tear, and provide generally for the explosion. But she is awake at once, and we may guess at the material and texture of her dreams. "Is the *biler* filled and tub, ready for the hogs to-morrow? Mornings are short now: she wonders if Israel, her bachelor son, brought home the rock salt, and didn't forget the saltpetre. Does anybody that you know of want any of *them* harslets or a mess of pigs' feet?" She turns over the almanac (mentally), to settle the age of the moon, lest her pork should shrink in the boiling, when by good rights it ought to swell. She has doubts about the new race of grunterns this year, but pleasantly calls to mind the encomiums upon the breed scattered *passim* through the columns of the "New England Farmer" newspaper, and is re-assured. Solitude springs up in another quarter: their extra size and weight will certainly require a new cask, not to be had in the village, at short notice, that is, a suitable one, well-seasoned, iron-bound, which ought to be painted, but there isn't time; but melts in a smile at Neighbor Tompkins' compliment to the group as he returned from the sty, "Wahl, they are handsome, any way you can fix it." All difficulties vanish when she gets fairly to work. She is an animated impersonation of the science of domestic economy. Receipt-books suggest nothing of consequence to that life-long experience. Her practical wisdom is the law by which all arrangements must come to be harmonized and consummated. From obedience to this law, pork, lard, and sausages are not exempt. The one will grace a row of hooks in the larder, or fill its cask, drowned by a superannuated grindstone in brine. The other, in white leaves, will be separated, for certain reasons, in tubs by itself. While the last, fine in grain, mottled lean and fat, soft and juicy, reduced by the chopping-knife to pulp, is destined to furnish a savory stuffing for the young anacondas which coil and writhe about at her feet so frightfully, as madam thumbs the sausage-tunnel. These, as from time to time they accumulate on her hands, are pinched off in convenient lengths, and hung

around the room in chains mysteriously knotted in pairs, forming graceful festoons or narrow, long ellipses upon the walls.

It would be pleasant, were there time for it, to take a bird's-eye view daily of that eventful week, giving, as it would, an epitome of housekeeping, alike in matters of importance and in trivial details. We can only say that, amid the turmoil incident or consequent upon the massacre of the innocents, annually or occasionally, as might happen, the barometer of energy with our woman of business rose several degrees, and pointed steadily to "fair." Everything went with a will and in double-quick time; and some things went before they were ready, as it were, taken off their feet in the press of a crowd. She gave a reason for every trifle. "There is a good fire for the brine—how easy to scald the vinegar for the pickles! Those *squiches* are not just the thing, and will be sour if you let 'em go too long. The oven will be hot on Saturday for the pudding and beans: I guess you can make room somehow for two or three pies. Sally's got *that* cousin of hers to see her, and we might make a barrel of apple *sauce* just as well as not. No use to be sitting round doing nothing all the time, as *I* see." In the mean time, common cookery went forward almost unperceived, fitting in among the great jobs like mortar in the crevices of a pointed wall. Amid bustle, neatness was the reward of toil and care, and like silver resplendent with hard rubbing. No cupboard closet, no corner of the unfinished room had peccadilloes to blush for: door-mats and steps were not forgotten, and the side-walk was swept for the public good. Chambers, in saintly purity, spurned the broom and duster, and in perpetual motion were realized the rest and repose of the philosopher. It was fair weather—but look out for a nor'wester blowing, all the time!

I must not forget Uncle Bart, though indifferent to all sub-lunary things as he snores in his easy-chair. As a young man, he was always wide awake. He loved to see, nay, chase, the pretty butterflies that came between him and his tuneful, busy bee. Their beautiful colors enchanted his

fancy, their wayward manners piqued his manhood, their soft nonsense dazzled, and their apparent warmth of feeling touched his heart; yet was he true—with time to think—to goodness, wisdom, modesty and love, which he had not so much as *dared* to win, or even *ask*.

Fair were the belles of Mornington: Sarah Lee was first and fairest. Brisk dancers and merry, withal, were there. Sarah Lee was first choice in the contra dance, and never pined in disappointed hope or unrelieved chagrin; was witty, keen even, as well as merry. The wary bachelor knew well what cake was in Mornington. Sweet Sarah Lee grew sweeter with every friendly visit at her father's house. The aspiring spark was not without an eye to the main chance, knew when he was warm and comfortable, and when he was left out in the cold, and liked the looks of things at Uncle and Auntie Lee's. He did not, for that or any other reason or impulse, "go it blind." He had a spice of mother-wit in his courtship, and made awkward calls at most unseasonable hours, but without *catching* his lark! She might be surprised, but had no occasion for the slattern's blush! She was always what others seemed, or were, by chance and great good luck! Her dress was determined by her business or good taste. The white "loose gown," as it was called, a sort of short jacket, tied loosely about the waist, the sleeves rolled above the elbow, contrasted well with any dark color of skirt, the airy nature of white arms and open throat in spotless purity relieving, very agreeably, the sombre defences against suds, wash-tubs, and the *et cetera* of washing day. Demure and neat was her apparel at church, in simple harmony with the day, its thoughts and purposes,—the sanctity of holy time. A pretty ribbon or a rose was added in the twilight, because *he* liked it, or because the woman must at last peep out, unobserved, *of course*. Other beauties on a drowsy morning might tolerate burrs of disfiguring curl-paper. She *wouldn't* do it. He "happened in," the rogue, at meal-time; the coffee, flapjacks, biscuits were "just the thing;" puddings, a triumph; table-clothes, forks, knives, spoons, irreproachable. Proud as he was of her peerless beauty, her

peerless excellence won his whole heart. Respect and tender regard made them one, long before the Town Clerk became the confidant of their intentions of marriage, — ultimately to blab them, blameless, through curious, tattling Mornington. They were made for each other then, though remorseless time may have introduced contrasting elements into their several outlines of form and feature, and brought out more fully, by life-long intimacy, such foibles as are inseparable from frail humanity. They had not grown old in genuine feeling; their green love had matured, round, rosy-cheeked, delicious, as life itself ripened to decay. Ever the same, or altered insensibly in mutual accommodation to virtues and graces, or tolerated defects, their wedding-day became the land-mark of a thousand dates along the vistas of memory through scores of years. The bluff octogenarian was still to Madam Gordon, in great measure, the same mischievous boy, the same village beau, or young husband, in spite of rough speech, corpulence and bald crown. While in a well-ordered house and kindest heart imaginable (if not in the crimped cap, stiff silk, stooping figure and silver-bowed spectacles), the comely girl and early bride bloomed as when she gave him her hand and heart at the altar.

The pleasant paradox is repeated, in part, more freshly, in contrast with aged consciousness and obstinate fact, as their grand-daughter drops in on her way home from the singing school, staying but a moment, fidgetty about nine o'clock, because of somebody waiting for her who could not possibly come in, late as it was. And when, in the midst of eager disclaimers on his account (oh, yes! entirely on his account!), regardless of strangers, or of disagreeable consequences of any kind, bold and proud of the good understanding between them, the youth coolly stalks into the room, perfectly at his ease, one of the family, indeed, how these old hearts warm again with young life; repeat old jokes of older courtships, and dream over fondly, with a tear, their early days.

A few sands linger in the hour-glass! They are merry

busy as ever in daily cares and trifles, as trustful to earthly hopes! The sands soon run; the glass is not turned; they are gone — forever! Fourscore years have passed away, as a sweet or plaintive tale is told, leaving but shadows of real forms, *ghosts* of men and things and scenes still more unreal, — whims of wayward imagination to soothe our grief and claim our memory, respect, and love. The old man went to his grave in harvest, — ripe in virtues as in years, — when all bountiful nature was crowding his barns with abundance; the continent a landscape, with beauty and blessing. The melody of birds cheered the solemn tones of the passing bell, and flowers sprung up and bloomed in the turf above his remains.

But no sweet, thrilling, wailing music, no perfumes, no form or hue of beauty, no thought of plenty soothed the wounded spirit of the widow, robbed in old age of all she held most dear, left desolate; the light of her home quenched, — forever. Her heart, broken, but for the light from other worlds which shone in upon her. And when, on a winter's day they bore her to her husband's side in the burial ground, the snows falling fast were emblematical of colder snows gathering among her locks of iron-gray, the frosty wind, of a cutting blast, in which joy, hope, and life itself had perished, but for the faith which lays hold on things which *never* die.

There rest in peace this worthy, happy pair! Unconscious of the cold moon and stars shining around, they sleep together, tranquilly, beneath the snow, curtained by wintry clouds, as ever before, at home, under pure dimity, amid the shadows of a taper!

A few lines, cut deep in white marble, record epitomes of their history, bear testimony to their worth, attest their Christian faith, and hope of heaven. Their virtues have a more enduring memorial in living hearts and kindred souls, silently and secretly influential on society and individual character, long after their worth, habitation, and name shall have gone to oblivion!

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

EITHER we have been too much engrossed in subjects which belong to all times to notice what is going on around us, or there have been during the last thirty days no considerable events which have a special claim to be noticed here. A few matters, however, some of general and others of limited interest and importance, may be mentioned.

ENGLAND AND THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

For once, at least, in our history, our republican and democratic people and government have the advantage over our English monarchical and aristocratic friends in the calmness, dignity and courtesy with which they are treating a great public question in which the peace and happiness of the two nations are deeply involved. The unreasonable violence and excitement in England, and the uncourteous and extravagant language which follows this state of feeling as a natural consequence, contrast singularly with the firm and steadfast position so quietly and calmly held by our government and people. If the claims presented on our part to the Geneva High Commission are outside the provisions of the treaty by which the Commission was established, is not the Commission the very body which is to decide, in the first instance, whether these claims are a matter which falls within their province of arbitration? The feeling among us is one of entire confidence in the mode of arbitration which has been agreed upon. Not that we are sure of getting our case. With great nations like Great Britain and the United States the gaining of a few millions of dollars, more or less, is a matter of small concern. But it is of the highest concern that justice should be done between them. We, as a people, have entire faith in the tribunal agreed upon, and believe

that their decision, whether for us or against us, will be rendered in accordance with the leading principles of international law and justice. At all events we have agreed to refer the matter to them, and we abide by our agreement. We present our claim, and enforce it by the strongest arguments that we can use, expecting the English government to oppose it by the strongest arguments that they can use. We do not dictate to the arbitrators what their decision shall be. If the English government believe that it was not intended that claims for consequential damages should be brought forward at all, let both parties submit the evidence in regard to this matter, and leave the judges to decide whether according to the terms of the treaty it falls within their jurisdiction or not.

We have no reason to expect a decision in our favor on any other grounds than the substantial merits of the case. On those grounds we are willing to rest it, and look forward with no anxiety to the decision which may be rendered. We hoped that by this treaty a great step had been taken in the progress of civilization by adopting a peaceful method of arbitration instead of appealing to arms for the settlement of national difficulties. This is the point which interests us most deeply. If the treaty is repudiated by England, we shall be saddened exceedingly, not because we fail to get money, but because we fail to get justice, i.e., because we fail to have justice administered between two powerful and kindred nations by a peaceful mode of arbitration. We want no more wars. No matter how much injury we may be able to inflict on England, we want no more wars. The injuries which we inflict on one another will be injuries inflicted on the cause of civilization. The harm that we do to her will react injuriously upon ourselves. The harm that she does to us will react injuriously on her. Our interests, our destinies for good or evil are too closely interwoven and identified for either party to suffer without involving the other in the same loss. In our civil war, every dollar of rebel property that we destroyed, and every confederate life that we

took, was so far in the end a loss to the national resources. And in a war with England it must be the same. The interests of humanity, the progress of civil freedom and constitutional law, the ties of kindred and of kindred interests and pursuits, the bonds of a common brotherhood and a common faith, must all suffer with every loss that either party inflicts upon the other. We trust, therefore, that this international tribunal will accomplish the ends for which it was instituted. And more than that, we trust that successful arbitration in this instance will prepare the way for a similar arbitration in all future cases, till all the governments of the civilized world are united, as our several states now are, to refer to an international tribunal all international differences which cannot be settled by the usual methods of friendly diplomacy: and to hold as a common enemy any nation that refuses to submit its claims to some such international tribunal.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

Under this heading we give two pictures which promise a better condition of things. The first is from a letter of Robert Collyer's, which we take from "The Index."

"We had been drifting rather than traveling through Belgium and Germany last summer, with a little maid for whom we wanted to find the fountain of health. We did not find it; and so, when we got to Lucerne, we said, 'Going round will not answer: we will see what sitting still will do.' Then we went to the 'Schwan,' the best hotel I ever found anywhere, and settled down. Wandering about the pretty old town, I came across a hand-bill in English setting forth the fact that on the next Sunday divine service would be held in the Church of St. Mary, with a sermon by a Free Kirk minister. I made up my mind to go to that service the moment I read the notice; for St. Mary is a Romish church, antique and pure, and to hear a sermon there by one of the household of John Knox must be one of the things which come once in a lifetime.

"I found one of our Chicago ministers at the hotel. A Baptist told him of my 'great find,' so we agreed to go together. The

church, I suppose, may hold three thousand people ; the congregation, including the sexton, counted up to nineteen. All the things the Church of Rome ties to were left as they had been the last time mass was celebrated in the building. The preacher's desk stood a little out of line with the altar, over which they had put a sort of cover ; otherwise the nest the stout reformer would have harried, if he had been living, that he might get rid of the crows, was entirely as the 'scarlet woman' would have had it for her 'idolatries.' There was a hymn to begin the service, in which we all joined, a lesson, a prayer, another hymn, and then a sermon. Subject, 'The Example of Christ.'

"I expected, of course, to hear a discourse within the well-guarded lines of the Kirk, — Presbyterian to the backbone, and Scotch at that. I was sure there would be open or covert allusions to the one great enemy of Evangelical truth the Scotch Church has fought for three hundred years as a certain quadruped fights the rattle-snake. What I did hear was so broad, so inclusive, and so sweet of spirit, that, when the man was through with his service, I went up to him and said, 'I think to-day I have seen one of the first gleams of the millennium. I have witnessed a Presbyterian service in a Roman Catholic church, and heard a sermon acceptable in every way to a Unitarian minister.' On which we shook hands, and the preacher said, 'I am very glad to hear it.'

"One point in particular I treasured of the sermon. The preacher came to speak of miracles. 'Now,' I said, 'he will certainly put his foot in it.' He proved that he knew his ground better than I did. 'The age of miracles,' he said, 'some people claim is over this many a hundred years ; believe me, dear hearers, that is a mistake. The age of miracles is yet with us, and there is no fading out of its wonders. If you suspect there is, go into the first infirmary for the eye you may light on, and watch what they are doing. There they are restoring sight to the blind, and of the ear they are opening the last path to the soul. They are still making the lame walk, casting out devils, and raising the dead ; for not a soul is quickened into a new life in which you do not witness that marvel. And so through the whole tale of what this great example did ; those who follow him are doing the same thing, and doing what he did in the spirit in which he wrought is to live a Christ-like life.'

"There was much more in the sermon of the same large pattern.

"'How did you like it?' I said to the Baptist brother as we

came away. 'Very much indeed,' he replied ; 'it was a capital sermon.'

"And so many a time since then I have thought of that unique sermon, and how indeed that day there was a new Catholic service in the old Catholic church ; and what a grand thing it would be if this could be brought about everywhere !

"Yours, ROBERT COLLYER."

Our second picture is furnished us by our friend, William Mountford, and, like the first, may be taken as an indication of a state of feeling which prevails far more widely than is sometimes supposed.

"Perhaps," says Mr. Mountford, "there is no place in the world where the controversy as to Unitarianism has been more thoroughly and exhaustively carried on than at Manchester, in England. And in no place else, perhaps, was ever the sectarian spirit more bitter than it once was there. Because of the size of the city, and its influence in a popular way, a religious movement is more significant in Manchester than it would be in any other city in England, or, perhaps at present, than it would be at any other Christian point in the whole world.

"Thirty years ago Manchester was the stronghold of the anti-Corn-Law cause ; and that cause was seated on a throne of power, high above the aristocracy and all England, before its demands were conceded. At Oxford, or at the Jerusalem Chamber, in London, clergymen may talk and resolve ; but their wordings affect only slow thinkers, or the brains of persons, some of them timid and some of them brain-sick. But a religious movement in earnest at Manchester means enthusiasm, strong conviction, newness of life and the throbbing of a nation's heart.

"What follows is taken from a recent number of 'The Unitarian Herald,' a Manchester newspaper :—

"A meeting took place in Manchester last week, which, though not of a sufficiently public character to justify any formal report, ought not to be passed by without being known to a wider circle than that of those actually present at it. One of the leading mem-

bers of the Rev. Alexander M'Laren's congregation—a "union" congregation of Independents and Baptists—sent out invitations to all the Nonconformist ministers of Manchester and its suburbs, and likewise to about an equal number of laymen, fairly representative of their various congregations, to a *soiree* in the reception rooms of Mr. M'Laren's chapel. This was done, not on the basis of any political alliance, but distinctly on the deeper religious ground that "it has long been felt that there are wanting among the Nonconforming ministers and congregations of Manchester that acquaintance and sympathy in each other's hard, and too often discouraging labors, which are so needful for the full attainment of the high and holy objects they have set before them." And nobly was this desire for closer acquaintance and sympathy carried out. In the handsome vestry and committee rooms were gathered together some two hundred gentlemen, including nearly all the Manchester ministers of the Independents, Baptists, Swedenborgians, New Connection, and United Free Methodists; Bible Christians, United Presbyterians, with some others, and no less than ten Unitarian ministers, and several of our laymen. After tea, a very pleasant hour was passed in conversation, the friends present dispersing through the rooms, or in the fine chapel only recently erected, where a selection of music was given on the organ. Never before have we witnessed so free and thoroughly friendly a commingling of such widely diverse elements. To say that there was no shadow of restraint fails to do justice to the warm and kindly spirit universally manifested. Nor was this as it has sometimes been—and as some friends feared it would be—merely a little ebullition of personal friendliness, which committed nobody, and meant nothing beyond a single private occasion. By-and-by the whole company assembled in the lecture-room, and the host of the evening, after a few words of welcome, invited frank expressions of opinion from those present as to the desirability of closer and friendlier association, and as to ways in which this could both be fostered and be turned to useful practical account. In turns the leading ministers of various denominations present spoke, and one tone pervaded all that was said. There was no attempt to ignore differences of views on religious matters, none of the tacit assumption which has heretofore mostly characterized professedly unsectarian movements, that unsectarian fellowship really meant fellowship among the various *orthodox* bodies. The very first address—from a U.P. Doctor, whose name is known throughout England as one

of the sturdiest veterans of Nonconformity—distinctly alluded to Unitarianism being represented among them, while affirming that their differences need not hinder their religious fellowship, and urging that the occasion should not be without further result. The suggestions which he then proceeded to make were briefly these: 1. That they might all act in better concert in Sunday-school matters, and agree on some means of lessening the competition in Sunday-school amusements and treats, the extravagance of which has lately begun to attract serious attention. 2. That once a year a united communion service should be held. 3. That there should be more free and frequent interchange of pulpits among the ministers of different bodies. Various other minor suggestions were made, and some of the speakers digressed on to the political ground of Nonconformist union, but the three suggestions already mentioned seemed to be those most generally approved. The idea of a united communion service was especially warmly commended by almost every speaker, including one of our own ministers who was called upon by the host.

“Go on, go on, good people of Manchester, and you will inaugurate a movement as great as what began with Luther. For wofully and awfully has Christianity been weakened, as a social power, by the manner in which sectarians have aggravated their differences against one another,—failing of the spirit often while contending about the letter,—and weak against worldliness because of their weakening one another by envy and strife. ‘The words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the doctrine which is according to godliness,’—this was Paul’s text as to Christian fellowship. And as to refinement of doctrine, or sectarian differences, plainly enough the apostle would say that a man absorbed in them ‘is proud, knowing nothing, but doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmises, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds.’

“As to primitive Christianity, the practical people of Manchester seem to have got a wonderful glimpse. And, grand as the history of Manchester has been in a social way, the grandest attempt which has ever been made there is what is chronicled above.”

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

A NEW THING UNDER THE SUN is a newspaper issued expressly for the colored people of the South, designed to diffuse among them useful information and also stimulate a taste for reading. Such is "The Southern Workman," a monthly sheet printed at Hampton, Va., under the management of Gen. S. C. Armstrong and Gen. J. F. B. Marshall, both of them connected with the Hampton Normal School for the education of the freedmen. The paper is a handsome sheet, printed in large type, with wood-cuts, containing a variety of useful and amusing matter. It has a department for children, in which the love of the ludicrous innate in young Africa is not overlooked. The paper, widely circulated throughout the Africa which we hold within our limits, would have a silent but potent influence in the education of the colored people; for it would not only furnish them with needed information, but would be a constant spur to their ambition, and a monthly lesson in reading and spelling in all the houses and cabins where a dusky circle of learners could be gathered together.

A COLLOQUY ABOUT HEGEL BETWEEN A COMMON-SENSE CHRISTIAN AND AN HEGELIAN.

Christian. Hegel, the great German philosopher, was a pantheist: did not believe in any personal deity, and yet was strictly orthodox; advocated the supreme divinity of Christ, the atonement, the resurrection from the dead, and the doctrine of immortality. His followers advocated all these doctrines without believing in any conscious existence after death or in a historical Christ.

Hegelian. Oh, but you don't understand Hegel. Just as if tyros like you could fathom these great thinkers.

C. Well, do *you* understand him? If you do, please tell us whether he did or did not believe in a self-conscious Deity, except as being self-conscious in men and animals who are a part of him.

H. Oh, you can't understand these great thinkers.

C. But *you* can; so please explain.

H. Well, Hegel did not believe in anthropomorphism, — or in your personal God.

C. But anthropomorphism and personality are two very different things. There may be a personal Deity who is not in the form of a man. Personality means self-conscious intelligence, and as applied to the Deity a self-conscious reason and will above all material phenomena and all our human phenomena. Does Hegel teach this, or does he not?

H. You must study him and find out for yourself.

C. But if *you* have not found it out, and if his disciples, the great thinkers of Germany, have been debating the question for half a century and have not yet settled it, what inducement have I to undertake it?

H. You just said he believed in the divinity of Christ and the atonement and the resurrection and orthodoxy in general.

C. So he did, his followers say. He believed Christ was God as the type of all humanity which is God manifest in the flesh. He believed, that is, that Christ was God inasmuch as all men are God. He believed in the atonement by the death of Christ, because humanity, which is the real Christ, is constantly dying back into the All, and becoming one with it. That is his atonement. He believed in the resurrection and ascension of Christ, because as the collective humanity of one age dies out it reappears in the next in a higher development, and that is its resurrection and ascension. He believed in immortality, because, though the individual consciousness goes out at death, the race continues and never dies. He believed that Christ is sinless, because humanity is the real Son of Man, and sin belongs only to individuals, whereas the race is without sin. He believed in the Trinity. God as absolute is the Father; God becoming man in all humanity is the Son; and God self-conscious in the race is the Holy Ghost. This, my dear sir, is the Hegelian orthodoxy as Baur and Strauss expound it. Now, can you give a better one?

H. Why, sir, it takes the ages to understand one of these great thinkers. What is Baur or half a century in the interpretation of a man who represents whole centuries of progress, who gives the advanced thought of the age, and the thought so far in the advance of the age that he "dwarfs himself in the distance"?

C. But, until the age *does* understand his thought, how are we to know whether it is a great thought or a little one, a thought in advance of us or away behind us, reproduced from an old pantheism, or whether there is any thought at all, but only word-haze? How do you know when looking for the first time over a strange

country covered with fog what lies under the mist, and, till the fog lifts, whether you are to see a city or a bog? And whence are the fogs most likely to come, — from a city set upon a hill or from bogs and quagmires?

H. Oh, it takes brains to understand these great thinkers. The absolute Idea of Hegel is the great Thought process of the universe; it is where the antinomies resolve themselves into a higher unity, and the antithesis of subject and object disappear, and then appears the subject-object itself sublimed in identity. When you get this stand-point, you will find those minor questions about Christianity superseded by the Absolute Idea which lies within and behind them, and of which they are only the vanishing spectacles.

C. I thank you sir. After this explanation, I do not see that anything more is to be said. I begin to understand what James Martineau means where he says that in reading one of these great German thinkers he always feels like a fool.

A LYRIC of this exquisite strain we find quoted in Dr. Manning's "Half Truths and the Truth:" —

"BEFORE AND BEHIND.

"There was a soul one eve autumnal sailing
Beyond the earth's dark bars,
Towards the land of sunsets never paling,
Towards heaven's sea of stars.
Behind there was a wake of billows tossing,
Before a glory lay.
O happy soul! with all sail set, just crossing
Into the far away:
The gloom and gleam, the calmness and the strife,
Were death before thee, and behind thee life.

"And as that soul went onward, sweetly speeding
Unto its home and light,
Repentance made it sorrowful exceeding,
Faith made it wondrous bright;
Repentance dark with shadowy recollections
And longings unsufficed,
Faith white and pure with sunniest affections
Full from the face of Christ,
But both across the sun-besilvered tide
Helped to the haven where the heart would ride."

DR MANNING'S ANALYSIS OF CARLYLE in his "Half Truths and the Truth" is one of the best pieces of criticism we have read for a long while. His clear statement and quiet consciousness of strength are in admirable contrast with the hurly-burly gusts and the whirlpool of words out of which he eliminates the ideas of the pantheist philosopher, and shows up their hideous inhumanity. Pantheism in theory and pantheism in practice, or as it would be if it could have its way, are alike shown by Dr. Manning, not always in the theoretical discussion with clearest discrimination, but on the practical side with unanswerable argument, and in the main both theoretically and practically with a force which it would be difficult to evade. Carlyle's statesmanship gives the right to rule to the strongest, to the man who can fight the hardest, and kill and conquer all who oppose him. Success is the only criterion of right and wrong. But to know who *is* the strongest, the fight must be repeated with every new dynasty, and the hero who emerges out of the bloody fray a head taller than the rest, — let him be god, and let the others fall down and worship. But this endless whirl of revolution necessitates a great deal of suffering and calamity. What if it does? That objection is thus disposed of, —

"What art thou afraid of? Wherefore like a coward dost thou forever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! What is the sum-total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, death; and say the pangs of Tophet, too, and all that the Devil and man may, can, or will do against thee. Hast thou not a heart? Canst thou not suffer whatso it be, and as a child of freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet under thy feet while it consumes thee? Let it come, then; I will meet and defy it."

DARIUS GREENE need not despair, but has all encouragement to try again; for, according to "The London Spectator," flying is pronounced by the best mechanics to involve no insurmountable difficulties. Darwin says that in the upper regions of the air, near the summits of the Andes, great vultures may be seen floating miles away on motionless wings, so that heavy bodies can be sustained in the air, and float through it without very great muscular effort or very great mechanical force. The prospect and feasibility of navigating the air, or flying by the aid of steam, are thus given and summed up:—

"The point to be chiefly noticed is the fact that a heavy body—for the vulture is no chicken, so to speak—can be sustained for long dis-

tances merely by the supporting action of the air. There can be little doubt that it is only on account of the perfect steadiness of their motion through the air that they are thus supported. The efforts of aeronautical mechanics must be directed to secure a similar steadiness of motion for aerial machines. Granted this, there can be no reason why the powers of steam and iron should not avail to secure an aerial motion even surpassing in rapidity the flight of the swiftest birds. Unless we are willing to believe that birds fly by some power distinct from any which physical science deals with, we seem justified in believing that the bird may be matched or surpassed by the flying-machine, as surely as the swiftest animals are surpassed by the locomotive. It is encouraging to consider that the actual amount of power necessary to convey a weight through the air (if support is derived directly from the air) is very much less than that required to convey the same weight by sea or by land. In the presence of failing coal supplies, this consideration will one day assume first-rate importance."

THE CASE OF MR. HEPWORTH begins to get fairly enucleated. Mr. Hepworth had a perfect right to renounce Unitarianism, to call it a failure if he thought so, and to try, by all means open and fair, to draw his congregation up into his own views and carry them clean over to orthodoxy if he could. What is a minister put into a pulpit for but to preach all that is revealed to him, and *to be revealed* out of God's word? No man or body of men has a right to come in between him and his people, and say what he shall preach or what they shall hear. That would violate both the liberty of prophesying and the independency of the churches, the prime principles of liberal Christianity. But Mr. Hepworth had no right to invite a neighbor Unitarian congregation, with their pastor, to a joint service, and then take that occasion to renounce his Unitarianism without giving previous public notice that such was to be the purpose of the meeting. This was a gross violation of church hospitalities. It showed bad judgment and bad taste, though not necessarily bad motive. On the other hand, it is flagrantly wrong to follow Mr. Hepworth with denunciation for his change of faith, to impute his inconsistencies to dishonesty, or to disparage his character so as to hinder his usefulness in any good he proposes to do. The changes of a thousand Mr. Hepworths would not hurt in the least degree the cause of any form of Christianity which has any right to be called liberal. The only way to make Unitarianism "a failure" would be to make it fail to protect the rights of opinion and the entire freedom of thought and speech, Mr. Hepworth's

among the rest. He has been sensational and dramatic; Unitarians have applauded him and encouraged him in this style. Let him repent of his sins if he has not, and let Unitarians repent of theirs before throwing stones. We become of small account, any of us, as we become obscured in the full-orbed glories of the Christ, and if any one will win souls to him from the ways of sin and unbelief it matters little under what denominational title it is done. The language of every man, woman, and child who holds the Christian faith, and more especially if held in a liberal spirit, should be to Mr. Hepworth, "Go where the Master calls you, and speak the word he gives you, and for every soul won to a higher and happier life we will share in your thanksgiving and joy." How orthodox Mr. Hepworth has become, or how unorthodox, does not yet very clearly appear. We care little, provided he has risen to a deeper, broader, and more earnest faith in the living Christ, such as will make him a more efficient minister of the gospel of reconciliation. Pity it is that denominational lines could not be sufficiently open for any earnest Christian man to pass to his true place and position so as to find his new friends without renouncing his old ones; for what is all our Christian progress but a renunciation of the sins and errors of yesterday for a new joy to-day in the life hid with Christ in God?

THE FINAL SALVATION OF ALL MANKIND is a subject which is arresting and holding the attention of Christian believers and inquirers in all denominations. A candidate for ordination, the other day, in the Orthodox Congregational connection, could not say he believed in endless misery. The same is implied, though not said, by many Christians who call themselves Evangelical. They hope, though they dare not believe, in the final happiness of all mankind. A pamphlet has just been republished which disposes of the question by trying to prove the annihilation of the incorrigibly wicked. It is very able, and we hope to give our readers some account of it. Swedenborgians are discussing the subject. The "eternal hells" are the hardest and most dismal features of the Swedenborgian theology, and in some respects as hard to believe in as those of Calvin. Rev. B. F. Barrett has been trying to reconcile them with the Divine goodness, and show that the hells are very enjoyable to those people who prefer them to heaven. Somebody, in "The New Covenant," the Universalist paper published in Chicago, answers Mr. Barrett, and the answer is about as telling a broadside

as ever was given. We think Dr. Ryder must have written it. We copy part of the article, entitled, —

“THE NEW VIEW OF HELL.

“The attempt at disguising hell, as Swedenborg does, seems to us to render his doctrine in some respects worse than those he tries to soften. He declares that hell is the work of Divine beneficence. God saw that sinners or devils would be wretched in heaven, as fish gasping out of water, and so he kindly prepared the hells for them, adapting all the circumstances so that the wicked associating together enjoy each other's society, and find happiness thus. Hell is as benevolent a provision for the wicked as water is for the fish. Just here is the unpardonable sin of Swedenborgianism. The old style of doctrine at least rendered evil repulsive; said that God had made it loathsome, repugnant, even to its victims, and that hell would be a place of torment because of sin. But the ‘New Doctrine’ only makes it horrible to outsiders. The inhabitants are perfectly comfortable, and enjoy themselves better than they could anywhere else. Seeing they were determined to go there, God kindly fitted it so that they might enjoy themselves. If, therefore, we admit the assumptions of this device to dodge the horrors of error, that each man's condition is unchangeable after death, except from good to better, or from bad to worse; that each one goes to hell, not because God sends him there, but because he chooses to go; that ‘as a man is when he dies such he remains to eternity;’ that he loves evil, and enjoys it, and God has so constructed the spirit life that evil is no longer a torment, but a comfort, — what have we but two heavens, one for the good and the other for the bad? Calling the abode of happy devils (!) hell does not render it anything different from another sort of heaven.

“The whole scheme is a stupendous folly. We speak reverently when we say that an infinitely pure God could not if he would and would not if he could permit a moral being to be happy in sin. He has so organized his moral universe that there is an eternal warfare between sin and happiness. No soul can be out of torment while in sin, and, therefore, Calvinism's hell is as much more sensible as it is more uncomfortable than this dream of folly. If evil is endless, torment must be: there is no help for that; a happy sinner, a comfortable devil, an agreeable hell, — what a sorry trick of words! The pagan-Christian hell is horrible enough, but it is at least consistent in rendering its victims miserable. It thus makes the abode of devils repulsive. But to upholster its hard beds, and render its provisions palatable, and its atmosphere agreeable to its inmates, so that they shall know no better condition, and wish for no better, is as though a father should punish a boy for pilfering by placing him among thieves, and so teaching him that he would desire no better society. The whole theory proceeds on the ground that the worst fate is one of suffering. A hell is shocking enough whose people writhe

in torment ; but there is a deeper than that, — a hell whose residents are comfortable. As the worst slave is not he whose chain chafes, but he who does not feel his chain, so, if there could be a hell whose victims were not wretched, it would far more impeach the Being who permitted it than a hell 'whose every wave breaks on a living shore heaped with the damned like pebbles!' Pollok and Milton are bad enough, but Swedenborg's dream is the silliest dream of all ; and this new attempt to reconstruct the abode of sinful souls hereafter is as great a failure as any other visionary has made. The Bible hell is the only rational one. It is a condition and not a place (and so far Swedenborg has the right of it), but both the new and the old Jerusalem churches are wrong in making it endless. It exists here and hereafter within the soul for remedial purposes, and ends when the disease of sin is gone for whose cure it was created and adapted by an all-wise, all-powerful, and all-good Deity.

"In the hell of Swedenborg devils rot in filth and nastiness, but fancy themselves in the midst of all manner of delights, and are perfectly happy in their deviltry, because God has fitted the constitution of things to render them so ; and we are called upon by Mr. Barrett to admire the goodness of God in such an arrangement. Such a hell could no more be permitted by a God of purity than the old-fashioned furnace would be by a God of love. Infinite love and infinite purity have united in creating the hell of the Bible, — a condition of torment to all sinners, whose fires shall expire when at length the purpose for which they were kindled shall have been accomplished, and the dross of sin and error shall be purged away from the gold of humanity by the fire of the Infinite Refiner."

KNOWLEDGE OF THEOLOGY does not come necessarily by reading treatises of learned polemics, or wading through the history of councils and controversies. We go through all this ; and the most important lesson we gain by it is of the impotence of the human understanding. We come back to the New Testament about as wise as we were when we left it ; perhaps wiser, because better prepared to listen with humility to its teachings. Father Taylor knew something of theology. But when he began to preach he did not know how to read. Somebody had to read the Bible for him. He would listen till some text fell on his ear which struck the fire out of his mind ; and he would say, "Hold on there," and revolve the text and excogitate his sermon from it, which generally went armed with Divine Truth for the conversion of sinful men. Afterwards he *learned to read*, but probably the only treatise on theology which he read was the Bible.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S WELCOME to Mr. Hepworth was replete

with the spirit of what we call liberal Christianity. How changed has orthodoxy become as Mr. Beecher represents it! May the time come when this spirit shall pervade every organization, and when we shall know no other Christianity but that which is liberal.

"We have with us this evening a friend and brother who has long been laboring in the cause of humanity and of religion, and who has now, under the Divine Providence, been brought to take a step which has dis severed, painfully to him and to others, the bonds that connected him with their fellowship, and which has brought him into the more immediate sympathy and fellowship of that group of churches to which we belong. God forbid that we should rejoice as sectarians over this, or that as a band of Christian churches it should be thought as in any sense a triumph. This is not my feeling. I am so utter a believer in the liberty that God gives to his people, and in that inward light and guidance which they receive, that *even those going away from us toward any other denomination, provided they feel they are going toward a larger liberty, that they are working there with a greater freedom, and with more secret springs of joy,—I bid them God-speed;* and if one comes towards us, feeling that he is stepping higher, I say to him, Certainly you are welcome. Fellowship is not only a special pleasure, but a duty that we owe to such, to each one that comes to us with his face glowing with the new light which he has gained by that liberty and larger use of himself. If the gospel is shining clearer to him, and its promises are sweeter, if the bosom of God is nearer to him, if he comes with this joy, and it chance that he stops with us, I feel it in my heart to put my arms about him, and say, My brother, you cannot go out from us; you have come to the right place. It is not because you have become one of us, but because we love the Lord Jesus Christ better than anybody else in this world, and, coming or going, we give you the right hand of fellowship."

WAR AND SCARLET FEVER. — Huxley says that during the three years 1863, 1864, 1869, the total number of deaths from scarlet fever alone amounted to ninety thousand. This is the return of the killed only, no account being taken of the maimed and disabled. He adds that the war then in progress between France and Prussia would not probably result in a greater or more destructive slaughter of the species. The massacre of the innocents by that Herod of diseases, scarlet fever, is owing to our ignorance of its cause and pathology. A little more light as to the cause would lead us directly to the remedy and the preventives, when this annual slaughter will cease, and the little graves which dot our church-yards will rapidly diminish in their relative numbers. Hux-

ley says that the course of scientific investigation now in progress is such as must leave the least sanguine without a doubt that the nature and the causes of this scourge will one day be well understood, and that "the long-suffered massacre of our innocents will come to an end."

MORALS OF MEN AND WOMEN. — Dr. Draper estimates that the tendency to crime with women, compared with men, is as twenty-three to one hundred. Pure science, however, is devoid of all gallantry, and so Dr. Draper does not infer from these statistics that women are any better than men. For the physical force of woman, compared with that of man, is as sixteen to twenty-six, and so he infers that she commits less crime, not for want of disposition, but want of strength! He is not altogether without ground for this very ungallant conclusion; for the statistics in another direction show that among women the tendency to crimes against *persons*, which require physical force, is to the tendency to crimes against *property*, which require none, as sixteen to twenty-six again. His general conclusion, however, does not quite harmonize with a psychological fact which he brings out afterwards, that the moral faculties have a more complete predominance over the intellectual in woman than in man.

CHANNING UNITARIANISM AND LIBERAL ORTHODOXY. — We hope there is no impropriety in giving an extract from a letter which we received from a clergyman of the orthodox school, who, though a stranger to us, we believe, writes in a style and spirit which is largely shared by his brethren. At least, we judge so from several other communications of the same import. Unitarians ought to know what is the chief hindrance to their success as a Christian denomination, and in what direction Unitarianism and "liberal orthodoxy" are likely to meet together, if at all.

"Permit me to add, that, as one of the more advanced school in orthodoxy, I feel a deep interest in the effort to hold in check the naturalistic tendency which threatens to sweep away all reverence for the supernatural from among the followers of Channing. I rejoice that the spirit of that noble man still survives in a portion of the Unitarian body, and finds still a number of able and resolute vindicators. The day may not be far distant when the descendants of those who refuse to yield the views of Christ which were precious to Channing and of those who have liberated orthodoxy from the shackles of a hyper-Calvinistic fatalism may sit down together in fraternal fellowship."

WOLLASTON HEIGHTS AND SUBURBAN HOMES.

NOTHING shows more clearly that our metropolis is increasing very rapidly than the growth of its surrounding towns and cities. Places a short time since vacant and used for agricultural purposes are now sprinkled thickly with dwelling-houses. This is strikingly manifest in the quiet, respectable town of Quincy, the home of some of the best talent of the Bay State. One year and a half ago there was scarcely a building on what are known as Wollaston Heights, but now there is a settlement of between seventy and eighty handsome dwelling-houses: some spacious and elegant, and more that are above the average of dwellings in our small villages. We therefore judge there is a degree of thrift there above that of most places; there are already three or four miles of streets, two schools, a first-class grocery store, market, post-office, with two mails each way daily, one religious society formed and flourishing, and plans maturing for still more. This remarkable growth is easily explained when one visits the place and gets a view of the beautiful scenery around: on the east lies the village of Quincy, almost at your feet; on the north you have the broad expanse of Massachusetts Bay before you, with its pleasant islands and shipping; on the west, Boston and neighboring cities,—all combining to make a prospect, if not grand, certainly pleasing and satisfactory to the cultivated eye, and surpassing probably any within twenty miles of Boston; and we hazard nothing in saying, that it is the finest tract of land for gentlemen's residences in this vicinity, if not in the State. We know the Company is careful of its reputation: no land has ever been sold at auction, and therefore not open to purchase by people of objectionable character; restrictions forbidding nuisances and cheap structures are rigidly adhered to; no sensational advertising notifies undesirable people that there is such a place; it is the steadfast intention of the Company to make it a delightful place of residence for clerks, salesmen, young merchants, teachers, and the better class of artisans, of the metropolis,—a place where they may retire from the noise and confusion of the city to spend their evenings and Sabbaths in the pure air of their country homes.

We predict for this place a rapid growth and abundant prosperity; for all its influences are, in a marked degree, in favor of temperance, education, refinement, and morality. And, what is of considerable pecuniary importance, through the wise foresight and accommodating spirit of the President of the Old Colony Railroad, *free passes for three years are given to each householder*. In conclusion, we would say, no man wishing for a home in a beautiful and growing community will do himself or amily the best service without first visiting this place. M.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AN EXAMINATION OF CANON LIDDON'S BAMPTON LECTURES on the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. By a Clergyman of the Church of England. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

A very full account of this book was given in the last magazine. It is a most remarkable book. A more complete and crushing demolition of orthodox Trinitarianism we have never witnessed. The writer, who is completely furnished with Biblical, classical, and patristic learning, follows Mr. Liddon, takes up his positions, one by one, and drives them in, and convicts Mr. Liddon of bald and downright Tritheism. Trinitarianism could not survive a great many Bampton Lectures to be cut up in this style. The writer's position purports to be, that the Trinity is not a doctrine of private interpretation, but of church authority; that it is above reason, and therefore is not to be reasoned about in Protestant fashion. A very good position for a Romanist; a very untenable one for "a clergyman of the Church of England." We lay down the book with the conviction that this clergyman, whoever he may be, no more believes in the fundamental doctrine of his own church than the most staunch Unitarian. We doubt very much whether, with the Surplice and Liturgy laid aside, he would even find himself firm on Unitarian ground. From some passages in the book, we should imagine his feet were on a slide which would stop nowhere short of Pantheism.

GOD WITH US; or The Person and Work of Christ, with an examination of "The Vicarious Sacrifice" of Dr. Bushnell. By Alvah Hovey, D.D., President of Newton theological Institution. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

This work is a twofold argument, first, for the Deity of Christ, and, secondly, for the atonement of Christ as *substitutive*; that is to say, the sufferings of Christ as penal sufferings to satisfy God's justice. The special object of the book is a refutation of Dr. Bushnell's work, whose views Dr. Hovey thinks very flattering to the natural man. We have read the book with some care, but it is, for the most part, the old ground of discussion trodden over again.

The argument for the deity of Christ, as Dr. Hovey puts it,

proves that there are two Gods if it proves anything, one called the Father, and the other called Jesus Christ. Dr. Hovey does not seem to be aware that his theory of the atonement is a modern one as regards the faith of the Church, and if a belief in it is essential to salvation, the early church are all lost, and the mediæval church as well. The penal substitutive theory respecting the sufferings of Christ only dates from the Lutheran reformation, or not much earlier. It was unknown in the early church, as we read ecclesiastical history. Dr. Hovey's theory of a union of two natures, the infinite and the finite, in a single, simultaneous self-consciousness, is a curious exhibition of logic. How the same person, at the same moment, can know a thing and not know it, baffles our conception. It seems to us that an argument that starts with the premise that twice one is not two, or that a person can be conscious of knowing a thing and not knowing it at the same time, had better not start at all, but give up reason and logic altogether, as having nothing to do with theological questions, and belonging only to "the natural man." The book, in tone and spirit, is unexceptionable, and with that class of Trinitarians who are willing to give up monotheism we have no doubt it will be acceptable.

We have received from Roberts Brothers three books, very different from one another, though all are on religious subjects and written with uncommon ability. The first is, *THE INFINITE AND THE FINITE*, by Theophilus Parsons; the second is, *RADICAL PROBLEMS*, by C. A. Bartol; and the third is, *THE TO-MORROW OF DEATH*; or, *The Future Life according to Science*, by Louis Figuier. Translated from the French by S. R. Crocker.

Mr. Parsons' book is written with great simplicity, directness, and clearness of thought. We have read it with interest and satisfaction. To most of its views we give our unqualified assent. He speaks of man's natural affectional and intellectual faculties, and, above them, of his spiritual affectional and intellectual faculties. His distinctions here seem to us very plain and real in their logical bearings, though in fact, as Mr. Parsons doubtless believes, man is a complex being, and all the parts of his nature belong to the same personality, may go up and down through the whole range of his being. The distinctions are important, and no philosophy of religion or administration of religious truth can be complete and effective without their recognition. We should be glad to quote largely from Mr. Parsons, who considers our natural faculties as incompe-

tent to discover and embrace spiritual facts as our spiritual faculties are to discover and appreciate physical facts. His ideas are often beautiful. For example, when he says, —

“In the first place, let it be said, and remembered, that the spiritual faculties, unless grievously perverted, are humble. They know their own feebleness, their own immaturity, their own limitations. They know the infinitude of truth. They know that it must come to us and be seen by us only gradually; and that, come as it may to any beings anywhere, it must so come, that, when its infinitude is remembered, it is seen to come only little by little. They know that, as there is no limit to the possible progress of truth, so there is no limit to the possible advance of their capacity to see and comprehend the truth, however feeble the beginning. They know that it would be the worst of follies to cast off or doubt a truth they do see, because around it lie difficulties or present impossibilities, which do not throw them backwards, but only point out the forward path which their future progress is to pursue.”

The two great doctrines on which our best life depends, according to Mr. Parsons, are our entire dependence on God every moment, and our perfect freedom, which even God respects.

“God gives life to man, by giving his own life to man, to become in man MAN'S OWN LIFE, his own, his selfhood. This is a truth very liable not to be understood at all, and to seem wholly unintelligible, or to be misunderstood. It is a truth, but only one of two truths which together make a whole. The other truth is, that the whole of man's life is given by God, of his own life, instantly, incessantly, always. The whole truth is new on earth. I do not mean that I have discovered it, for I have learned it. But it has been delayed until the human mind was in some readiness to receive it. It is now new in human thought, and that readiness is most imperfect.”

“It may be true that one may believe that his life is incessantly given him of God, and is given him to be his own; and nevertheless so far regard himself as independent of God, as to be incapable of humility and exposed to the fearful danger of self-sufficiency. This may happen thus. If one believed God gave to him at birth life from himself, to be forever his own, it is easy to see how he might come to feel that this life, whatever its origin, when once his own, made him as independent and self-sufficing as if his life were self-originating. And even if he came nearer to the truth, and believed that this life was not given him at once and for eternity, but always and at every moment, he might still feel that when thus given, if given to be his own, it made him equally independent and self-sufficing as if given at the beginning. It is, then, to guard against this error and this danger, that a third truth comes in. The first two give the facts, that human life is divine life given to man, and that it is so given to him that it becomes in him his own life. The third gives

the reason for this. It is that man may in the exercise of his freedom become prepared for happiness. But, that this end may be reached, it is not enough that divine life be given to man to be his own. But it is constantly so given and constantly so modified in its influence, and all external things are so arranged, that all that is possible may be done for man, to lead him, guide him, and induce him to exercise his freedom in such wise as to approach the end for which this freedom is given.

"Divine life is, in itself, perfect love and perfect wisdom. And they are with us always. They do not leave the man to whom they have given, and in whom they preserve existence. From the first moment of that existence they are doing, and never cease to do all that Omnipotence can do, to help him to happiness. Whatever is, is under divine government, the greatest and the smallest alike ; for all are so perfectly. Nothing can happen under this government but for an *end*: this end, as it is that which infinite love seeks, must be the highest happiness of the creatures it has caused to be."

Mr. Parsons speaks of the revelation which the Lord has made in the Old Testament and the New, and of the key to this revelation which has been given through Swedenborg in the doctrine of correspondences. We should be glad to transfer entire his account of what has been done by Swedenborg, who with "open vision" devoted himself for twenty-seven years to the promulgation and acquirement of spiritual science. We quote a single passage:—

"The material body is formed of material substance. It has already been said, that there is but one substance, and that is Divine. Flowing forth from the Infinite, and reaching its lowest place, there, through its adaptation to the mind and the senses, and through the agency of the mind and the senses, it becomes matter, and of this the body and the bodily organs of sense are formed. But within the material body is the soul ; and this too is an organism, living in and acting through a spiritual body, which, with its sensories, is formed of spiritual substance ; and this is the same substance from the Divine, in a higher form. These two forms or modes of substance correspond together. Therefore it is that the spiritual body fills and animates the material body, and lives in it and acts through it ; for whenever we see, or hear, or feel, it is our spiritual body which sees and hears and feels through the material body ; which loses all life and sense when the spiritual body leaves it at death."

One more passage we quote as showing the admirable temper of the writer:—

"Very various are these systems of religious truth ; for they need to be so, that they may be adapted to the various states of those to whom they are given. No Christian man can doubt that Christianity is, in itself, better than heathenism, but it is better for some and not for all ;

and there is not and never was a heathenism which, with all its follies and falsities, had not in itself the means of salvation; and it seems only a reasonable inference, from all we see and learn, that this day as many persons find and use these means as there are those who find them in Christianity, and that they use them as effectually.

"We who have faith in this latest revelation must of course believe that it is in advance of all that have come before it. But we do not think that we, personally, are in advance of all that are outside our boundaries; and God forbid that we should be so blind as not to see in some of those who know nothing of our doctrines,—or, knowing them, cannot see their truth,—purity, charity, living faith, and excellence of motive and of conduct, before which we bow with reverence, and in which we would find examples and incentives."

"No one can know better than I do how poor and dim a presentation of a great truth my words must give. But I write them in the hope that they may suggest to some minds what may expand in their minds into a truth, and, germinating there, grow and scatter seed-truth widely abroad. I am sure only of this: The latest revelation offers truths and principles which promise to give man a knowledge of the laws of his being and of his relation to God,—of the relation of the Infinite to the Finite. It gives new motives for seeking, as well as new means for finding truth, when that is sought to make us better; a new guidance in the darkest and most difficult paths of life, new comfort in its desolations, new strength in our weakness. It breaks the seals of the Book, written within and without and sealed with seven seals, which no man has hitherto been able to open. And therefore I believe that it will gradually,—it may be very slowly, so utterly does it oppose man's unregenerate nature,—but it will surely advance in its power and in its influence, until, in its own time, it becomes what the sun is in unclouded noon. And the sign and the effect of its establishment in the hearts of men will be, that the whole earth will be filled with the glory of the Lord."

We must defer till our next number a full account of Mr. Bartol's *RADICAL PROBLEMS*. It has the oriental richness of fancy by which his writings are distinguished, the breadth and depth of spiritual insight and the freedom of thought which make them full of instruction and of beauty. Many things which he says do not at first command our assent, and the manner of saying them sometimes disturbs our sentiment of reverence. But we must reserve what we have to say till we have read the book with greater care and deliberation.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. We have received the January number of this very able review, and heartily commend it to the attention of all who wish to be enlightened on great questions of literary, philosophical and political interest.